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THE MULLAH OF MIASMIA

BY

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

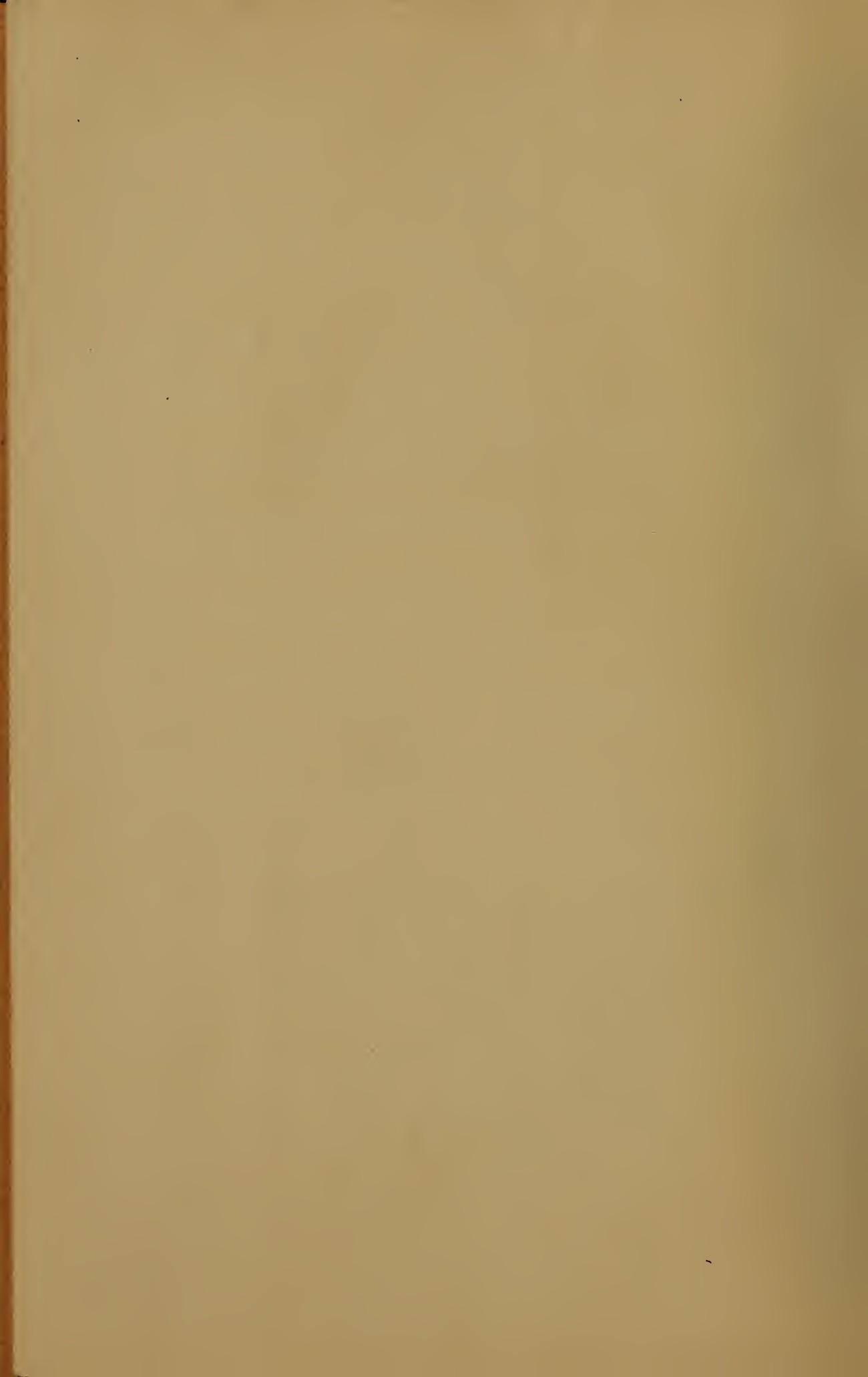
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CHARACTERS.

Abel Ben Sad,	Called the "Mad Mullah of Miasmia."
Awfuli Sad, his son,	Product of American education.
Lieut. John Gatacre, U.S.M.C.	Whose ship is at Aden.
Professor Diddlebat,	Eminent bugologist.
Dr. Henglecooper,	Of Higholdbug University.
Twiggs Van Twiddicum,	Of Newport and New York; unofficially attached to the "Diddlebat Arabian Expedition."
Waters,	His Man.
Muley Munchener,	Grand Vizier of Miasmia.
Violet,	A Desert Flower.
Doris Diddlebat,	The Professor's Daughter.
Mrs. Horatio Sponge,	Her Chaperone, with leanings towards Spiritualism and love.
Ethel,	Ward of the Mullah, betrothed at an early age to Awfuli.
Iris,	Chief Wives of the Mullah.
Lotus,	
Mary McClam,	
Jessie, the Giantess,	Another wife of the Mullah, the tallest of her tribe.
Mame the Brute,	A gastromaniac.
Camel Drivers, Arabs, Desert Women, Soldiers, and Wives of the Mullah.	

Time—The Present.

Scene—The Arabian Desert some hundreds of miles
North of Aden.



ACT I.

Scene: Curtain rises on oasis. Back flat is stretch of desert,—ruins in foreground, river in background—at right (rear) stone well, (Practical)—at rear centre single palm built down from last top drop,—front, (left), extension of tent,—yellow stage cloth—back flat fitted with moon to be used in end of act.

1. (Opening Chorus,—Camel men and Washerwomen),—
“Arab Men of Might Are We !”

(Enter Waters and Mrs. Sponge), Trio,—“The Valet and the Chaperone !”

W. (sarcastic). “Busy h’as th’ little bees !”

Cho. (salaaming). “In truth O’ Excellency.”

W. “Ave yez laid th’ tents ?”

Cho. “We have O’ Excellency.”

W. “Good, lay em h’again,—this ’ate ’ull ’atch h’anything !”

(Exit Cho. R. with gestures of despair).

Mrs. S. (aside). “Oh my ! Oh Dear ! All alone in the desert with a man. I wonder if I’m looking well ? (Aloud) Ah ! What calm dignity is yours under these adverse circumstances ! Beneath your servant’s garb I see beating the heart of a man !”

W. (examining waistcoat anxiously). “H’am H’I h’exposed, mum ?”

Mrs. S. (aside). “How clever ! (Aloud) Ah no ! I meant to say, after these weeks of heat, in which I reared in the rarefied atmosphere of High Spire, Pennsylvania, and left at an early age a widow, a tender widow by Alonzo my dear Consort, have been dragged hither and thither with this expedition in pursuit of the Rangadolle, an extinct bird forsooth and you, against your will, have followed your love sick master, who pursues the cruel child I chaperone, I meant to say how dignified, how calm your deportment still is.”

W. (bowing). Ha ! Mum yer words h’is h’olive h’oil h’on th’ mayonaise dressin h’of me bustin’ ‘eart.”

Mrs. S. (aside). “Polished, educated, refined (Aloud) yes, yes, this is no place for us—and what pleasure, say I, can there be in hunting bugs and birds.”

W. “Birds h’is h’awful mum, h’as favver said, ’e h’as was

h'own gintlemin to 'is Grace h'of Farmington—Robert 'e says, 'ave a fondness for birds, but for 'eavens sake don't go h'on h'a lark and h'if this h'aint h'a lark h'o, h'if this h'aint h'a lark."

Mrs. S. (aside). "Another clever thing. The more I see of him the more I think he must have the true belief. I'll question him. (Aloud.) Fond of spirits, Mr. Waters?

W., (dignified.) "H'only h'a nip, mum, and that when h'I'm faint like."

Mrs. S. (aside.) Pretty play on words (aloud) No! No! I meant real spirits. Sit down, Mr. Waters, sit down."

(Noise in R.—enter Dr. H. on back of camel (Violet.) Camel stops suddenly, Dr. H. half falls, half slides from her back—In one hand is a magnifying glass, in the other a butterfly net—He runs across stage as if in pursuit of something, stumbles and falls—arising).

(During this conversation the camel is standing with crossed legs, whenever on the stage she is scratching her head with her hoolet.”)

Dr. H. "How de do. How de do."

W. (sotto voce). "H'our sacred confidences is h'interrupted mum,—h'anon." (Exit L.)

Mrs. S. (looking indignantly at Dr. H.) "The idea!" (Exit L.)

Dr. H. "A voman vich I hated, (Beckoning to wings) "Come quivck unt led us see vhat has eggscoped yet? Ett flued avay."

(Enter 2 L. E. Professor Doodlebat, armed like Dr. H. They whisper a moment).

Dr. H. "She vas a boug so long, mit a purple chist unt legs like a katy-did!"

Prof. D. "Clumsy—er immoderately—clumsy,—!"

Dr. H. "My gootness, no. She vas as light as der modtren nofel!"

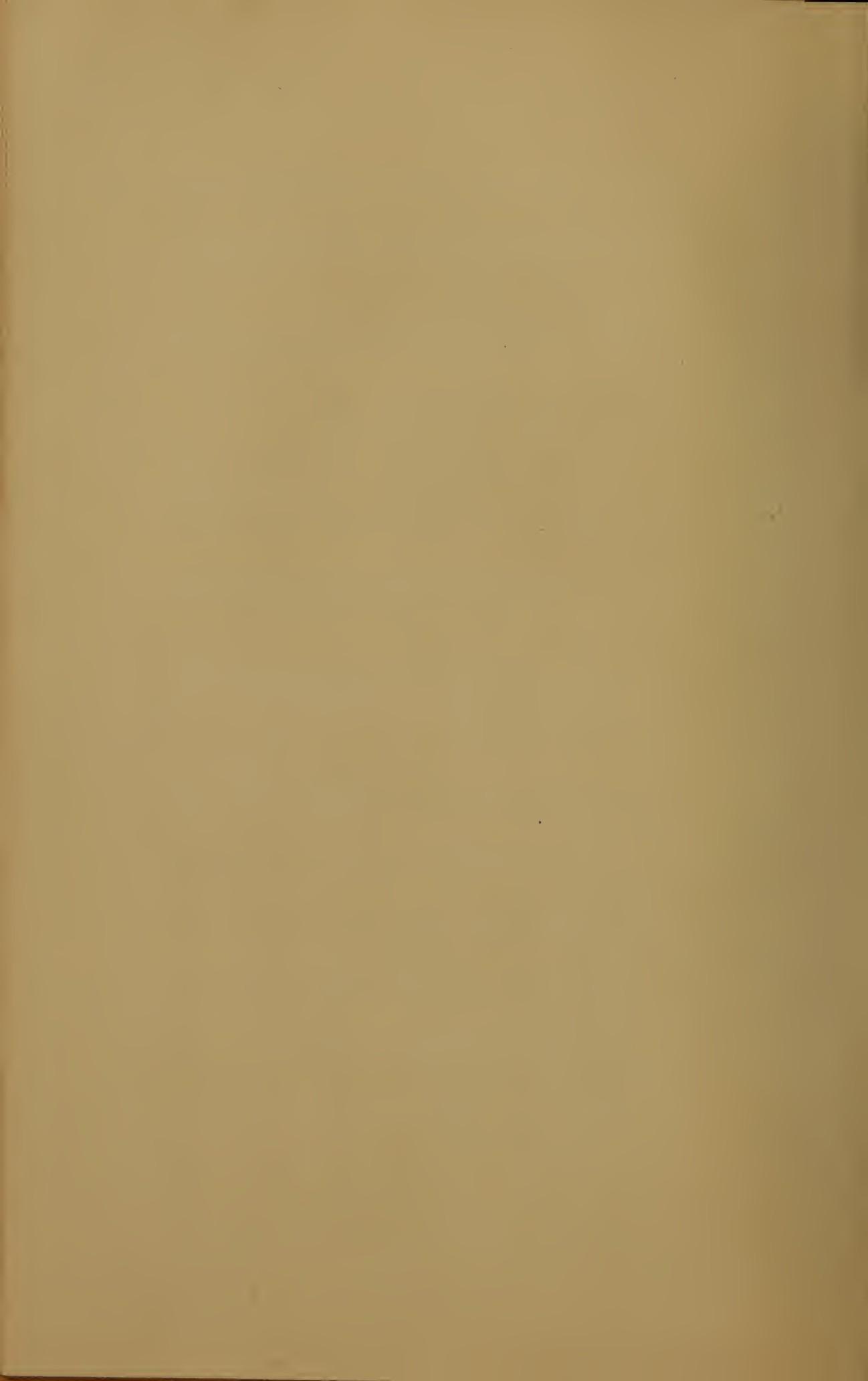
Pro. D. "You I mean, sir; you, hem, haw!"

Dr. H. "Ain't he got der speech like der Johnnie ass!"

Pro. D. "How can we ever have the expectation to obtain specimens of singular species with you, a polyglot of blunders!"

Dr. H. "Pooh! Pooh! When you speak such to me I laugh out rightd mit der corner of my moud."

Pro. D. "This expedition, thought of years, is destined to unmitigated disappointment."



Dr. H. Cheer ub, Dodles; all der bugs int der world aint deadt yet."

2. (Down stage.) Duet, "The Bug Hunters."

(Violet down stage—listens during song and executes clog—retires to back of stage and grazes).

Dr. H. "Violet!"

Pro. D. "Violet?"

Dr. H. "Sure, der dear child vas heare but a liddle while gone. Violet! Violet!" I gived her der name dis morning already she refuses to come when I call; she is vell trained.

(The camel placidly grazes). "Violet!"

(Camel raises head and snorts derisively).

Dr. H. (After reflection). "Violet, I vill give you a new ponnet vrom Vanamaker's!" (Violet gallops down stage). "Ain't she der woman!"

Prof. D. "My dear, sir—might I ask, er—why you saw fit, er, to designate this er brute (Violet snaps at him) by the name of, hem, haw—the dainty little vernal flower?"

Dr. H. "Vhy?"

Prof. D. "Er, yes; why?"

Dr. H. "She iss named Violet pecause she has der pink eye."

Pro. D. "Sirrah, you insult my intelligence!"

Dr. H. "Un den I beg etts pardon!"

Pro. D. "Does it—hem—haw—appeal to your sub consciousness er—that you might more preferably employ your time—er—hunting the Rangodolle, than training a knock-limbed, ochrecolored, cross-eyed, female camel!"

Dr. H. "Bid at heem Violet!" "Bid at heem!" "He says you vas no lady, un dot you didn't veer a straight front."

(Violet attacks Prof D. viciously).

Prof. D. "How dare, hem, haw,—outrage—er—er help! Help!"

(Enter Hadji L.)

Pro. D. "Kindly remove this ubitiquous female to the extreme rear of our camping place and make her assume a reclining position,"

(Exit H. leading V. L.)

Pro. D. "Forgiven sir, but not forgotten!" "My Christian magnanimity, hem—haw—will consider the incident closed—you can go home for two weeks!" "There is now a matter of great importance I must disclose to you."

Dr. H. "Oh, Doodles, you iss not engagement again iss yum?"

Pro. D. "Hoity, toity, sir! You elect to be facetious." "Hadji, our head camel man, says—er—the Mad Mullah of Miasmia is in the vicinity with a war party!"

Dr. H. (slowly) "Der Mad Mullah of Miasmia?" "Und gracious, vhat iss dot?"

Pro. D. "A neighboring Chief."

Dr. H. "Chief of Bolice?" "Let us ged out! Doodles."

Pro. D. "And desist in the search for the Rangadodle?" "Never sir!" Besides, our funds are running low—hem,—haw.

(Takes a few coppers from pocket).

Dr. H. "My gootness you vas a Mrs. Pierpont Morgan—bud Doodles berhops I haf a vife unt fourteen little vones."

Pro. D. "Er —, — your domestic arrangements do not interest me, sir!"

Dr. H. "Ett vas not an arrangement, Doodles, I vas married already yed befor I knew it!"

Pro. D. "We will fight to the death, and—"

Dr. H. "Und when ve're dead, vell, vell, I just suppose ve'll fight like—"

(Pro. D. utters exclamation and dropping on hands and knees, begins to crawl around, peering at floor through glass).

Dr. H. "Ha—I vill follow unt see if he discovers nodding!"

(Suits action to words. Exeunt rapidly, 2 R. E.)

(Enter L. Doris, followed by Waters supporting Van Twiddicums; and chorus of camel men.)

3. "Pursued!" (Doris, Waters, Twiddicums, and chorus).

Van. T. "I'm the horde, and—that's all." "Doris, I love you!"

Doris. "Don't be foolish, Twiggs!"

Van. T. (rapidly). "Love you, love you, love you!"

Doris. "I thought you promised you wouldn't do this."

Van T. "Have to,—doctor says mild excitement every day."

Doris. "Twiggs, if you don't behave, you'll have to go back to Aden—you can't follow this expedition or me around any more!" "I wonder where dad and Dr. Henglecooper can be!" "They've missed their luncheon and now it's almost time for tiffin!" "Have you seen them Waters?"

W. "Th' last h'I seen o'im my loidy, h'beggin h'of your pardin, h'a camel was h'a bitin of his face, mum."

Van T. "Bad taste camels have, fawncy!"

(Waters leads Van T. to foot of palms, fanning him with a handkerchief.)

(*Exeunt chorus*).

(Dr. H. crawls rapidly in from R. followed by Pro. D. They crawl around stage).

Doris. "Oh, Dad, how's your face?"

Dr. H. "Ett vas gettin on as vell as could pe egspected, vich ain't too splentid yet!"

Doris. "I was speaking to Father, Dr. Henglecooper."

Dr. H. Annoder woman vich I hated!"

Van T. "Ouch!!! (all gather round).

Van T. "Ouch! Oh! Ouch!"

Dr. H. "Heafens! I vonder vhat's der madder mit der liddle punch of cabbage!"

Doris. "What is it? What is it? Quick, tell me?"

Van T. (feeble). "Letter—back pocket—hurts—Ouch! Oh! Ouch!"

(W. extracts thin letter from hip pocket).

Van T. (relieved). "Ah! And—that's all—!"

Dr. H. (aside). "Ett iss a lofe ledder und burns him!"

Doris. "Oh, Twiggs! How you scared me, I thought you'd lost one of your jewels!"

Van T. "Fawncy!"

Doris. "Aren't you feeling well, Twiggs?"

Van T. (with momentary animation). "Oh, I don't know, why should I? Ask Waters,—he knows!"

Doris. "How is he, Waters?"

W. "Bad, mum, bad. E's 'ad the creeps 'orrible, 'e dreamt last night 'e 'ad to work, and woke up screemin' fearful!"

(Enters Mrs. S. L. in great bustle of excitement).

Mrs. S. "My dears, my dears, I have discovered a soul!"

Doris. "It must be a fried sole in this heat!"

Mrs. S. "I was descending. The camel regarded me fixedly."

Dr. H. "He haf a hunger vor her vig!"

Mrs. S. "I looked into his eyes. I looked again. He winked (in sad voice) I recognized the wink of dear, dead cousin Claude!"



Dr. H. "Ett sure vas Violet!"

Dor. (acridly.) "Don't you know, Mrs. Sponge, that spirits are very bad in warm climates?"

Mrs. S. (with little shriek.) "Brute! Brutal child!"

(Dr. H. suddenly drops to floor and searches, followed by Pro. D.)

Dor. "Will you stop hunting bugs, dad!"

Pro. D. "The Rangadodle! Ah, the Rangadodle!"

Dr. H. "Unt der bougs—Ah, der bougs!" (Exeunt L.)

Dor. "I should think this sun would calm your emotions, Mrs. Sponge, I'm slowly frying!"

Mrs. S. "True—true, it destroys the blooming bud of romance in my soul!" "I thought to find a paladin out here with cheek of burnished copper, but —!"

Dor. "But what?"

Mrs. L. "Ah, nothing, nothing child, you cannot understand the workings of my complex soul!" "Alonzo alone understood me!"

Van T. (in background.) "Fawncy, clevah mechanic! I say, ye know, dreadfully dormousie!"

Mrs. S. (going up stage with Doris.) "Come, Waters, guide my faltering steps." "I would weep a weep for the dear departed!"

Van T. (complainingly.) "Take away from me!"

Mrs. S. "Coward, coward; would you remove the sole support of a weak woman?"

W. (sotto voce). "Sole support? Hi wonder hif this his halimony!"

(Exeunt Mrs. S. and Waters, 3 R. E.).

Dor. "Goodbye, Honoria; be careful of that complex soul; I once knew a young lady whom it got into trouble."

4. "The Lady with the Complex Soul."

Van T. "I say, ye know, dreadfully dormousie!"

Dor. "Dormousie?"

Van T. "Yes; a little thing just invented—means tired—half French dormouse, sleep a little; half English dormouse, sleep all the time—wish I could. Cleveah!"

Dor. "Is Tiddicums' tootsies tired or Tiddicums' head? Tiddicums, come with me and get brandy and soda."

Van T. (arising). "Ah!" (Exiting on D. arm L.).

Van T. "Fawncy a place without carnations!"



Dor. "Carnations, Twiddicums? What in the world would you do with them?"

Van T. "Eat 'em glazed; keeps stomach in the pink of condition." (Exeunt).

(Camel, men and women rush on R. and L., singing)

5. "Make Haste, Make Haste, We Are Pursued!"

(Great excitement; in the midst of song Dr. H. crawls from under tent flap, followed by Violet, walks into the midst of the crowd).

Dr. H. "Und den keep quiet."

(Chorus subsides).

Dr. H. "Vell! vhat in der gracious has happened to you?"

Cho. "O, Excellency, the Mullah is on our outskirts."

Dr. H. "Vell, vhere do you vant him? Ont your underskirts?"

Cho. "He has a horde of fifty thousand men. Woe to us! Woe to us!"

(Dr. Henglecooper strides forward in Napoleonic manner, followed by Violet).

Cho. "Woe! Woe!"

Dr. H. (angrily). "Vat you tink I am, a horse? I haf a blan vich ve vill pud into operation; you vill make yourself into a circle, und then I vill creep inside. Don't cheer, poys; der poor defils iss dying!"

(He walks into the middle of chorus; Violet placidly grazes).

Dr. H. "Violet, vill you come or vill you stay dere und die vor me like a true woman, yes?"

(Violet gallops to his side).

Dr. H. "Violet, eff you iss caught dey vill chop you op und make you into Egyptian cigaroots."

(Violet faints).

Dr. H. "Vater! Vater! Oh, how pale she iss!" (Violet struggles to feet). "Iss der kinetes—copenment reatty? Den brepares to fight!"

(Chorus begins to lament. Sound of camel bells and great noise without R. Enter Arabs, pushing back camel drivers and women, who fall on their knees).

5 Con. "I Am the Mullah of Miasmia!"

(Enter the Mullah and Ithel, followed by Iris, Lotus, Mary and bodyguard of four black men. The wives of the Mullah bring up the rear. Mullah sings trio part of march).



Mullah. "Allah is great, Mahomet is his prophet, I see we ear forestalled!" (To slaves) "Go fetch me the people from those tents!" (Exit four blacks.)

(Dr. H., followed by Violet, makes a rush for the well and tries to climb down).

Mullah. "Ah, sieze him!"

(The four blacks capture the Dr. and Violet).

Mullah. "By the beard of the prophet, a strang-faced dog!"

Dr. H. (trembling) "I vonder vot makes me so fierce?" (makes passes with his hand at the Mullah, who starts back.)

Mullah. "What!" Another plot against my life!"

Dr. H. "I was cheering ad you in deaf and dumb, how didt I know vhat you spoke English?" Dis iss Ra—ah—Ra—ah—Ra—ah—der Mullah off Miasmia!"

Mullah. "Ah, a friend I see!" "Hist, come close! (Sotto voce) Have you seen any plots?"

Dr. H. "Blots?"

Mullah. "Yes, among my wives!"

Dr. H. "Sir, I nefer look for blots in anodder man's wives!" "You haf insult der feelings of a German Gerfunden-snock!"

Mullah. "But—err—my dear sir, unintentionally—and what is a Ger—ger—er—?"

Dr. H. "Ett is translate literal, a high-minded, gentleman, vhat never—tinks—efil—off—anyone,—except—vhen—he—occasionally—vants—to, and—den—only—pecause—"

Mullah. Ah, I see. Hush! speak low! They plot against me all the time. (Indicating his wives), they want to marry Muley."

Dr. H. "Muley? vhat's he a horse?"

Mullah. "My Crown Vizier. He feeds them sweets."

Dr. H. "Vell, why don't you?"

Mullah. "What! And candy at a dollar eighty-five cents a pound!"

(Enter blacks, L., escorting Pro. D., Von T., Waters, Doris, and Mrs. S., who are exhibiting great signs of terror).

Pro. D. "Er—hem—haw—may I,

Von T. "Fawncy!"

Waters. "'Ere Un and me!"

Doris. "I won't; that's all, now!"

Mrs. S. "Alonzo! Alonzo!"

All at once.



Mullah. "Peace! Peace! Why, this is worse than home on a quiet day! I come not for war, friends, but to meet my son, who returns after four long, weary years at an American College—is he here?"

Dr. H. (aside). "By chiminey, my chance! (Sidding up). I'm isum?"

Mullah. (indignantly). "Dog!"

Dr. H. (to Pro. D.). "Dodles, he vas speaking to you! Bark for de gentleman!"

Mullah. "No doubt my son will be here shortly—we will pitch our tent next yours, but first—er—permit me—my little wives, dear little wives (aside) Ger-r-treacherous snakes; this is Lotus, she's such a geranium; this is Iris; and this, little Mary McClam!"

Dr. H. Ha! I haf an olif in my poget for her."

(Hands olive to Mary, who bobs thanks).

Mullah. "And this is my foster-daughter, Ithel—the apple of my eye. She has been betrothed to my son since her eleventh year. To-morrow, the day after his return, she marries him. Would you like to see what I give them for a wedding present?"

Chorus of Women. "Oh! please do."

Mullah. "Very good. Muley Munchener!"

(Muley steps forward).

Dr. H. "Munchener; vhat a swveet name!"

Mullah. "Show them the great Sad Diamond, Muley."

(Muley takes tremendous diamond from pocket and holds it up to light).

Pro. D. "The first water!"

Dr. H. (falling). "Vater! My goodness, an artesian well!"

Doris. "Ah, what a gorgeous thing!"

Mullah. (calmly). "I'll give you one like it, moon-eyed maid. I'll marry you to-morrow—er—let me see (takes out note-book), at eleven—I have to marry the daughter of a very old friend at ten, otherwise—"

Doris. "Why, you silly old man!"

Dr. H. "Ain't she de mocking-burd?"

Mullah. "Silly old man? Well, now, wouldn't that make you frantic?"

Mrs. S. (stepping forward). "Are you the Mad Mullah of Miasmia?"



Mullah. (looks intently at her, then suddenly to crowd).
“Good-bye!”

(Exit all but Doris, the wives and slaves; to Mrs. S.):

Yes, I am; but I can be tamed; Jennie tamed me.”

Mrs. S. “Jennie?”

Mullah. “My fifty-fifth wife!”

Mrs. S. “Goodness!”

Mullah. “Yes, she was goodness itself! Had to bowstring her, though. Got old and cross. Poor Jennie!”

Mrs. S. “But you’re not a fierce looking old man.”

Mullah (indignantly). “Who said I was?” (Suddenly facing on crowd) “Grr-r-r!”

(Chorus falls back in terror).

Mullah. (sotto voce). “Sh! I have to do it!”

Mrs. S. “Do what?”

Mullah. “Grr- et ’em—keeps ’em afraid of me—only thing that saves my life—they all hate me, you know. (Suddenly). Do you know I like your face, something sort of awfully grand about it.”

Mrs. S. (aside). “I wonder if that’s a compliment—sounds like a guide book.

Mullah. Let’s stroll across the Weber and Field’s and see the Hay-man at his work.”

Mrs. S. “I won’t, but Edna May.”

Mullah. “Where do you come from?”

Mrs. S. “Highspire.”

Mullah. “HI spy you! Oh we must have our little jokes! Do you know we’d get on awfully well together! Come, Mother, let’s walk, so like Jennie!”

Mrs. S. “Mother! Oh, but then he’s so handsome, my paladin of burnished copper! (looking skyward) Alonzo deary, do you mind?” (takes Mullah’s arm).

Mullah (nodding at wives). “Goodness, they’ll be jealous, lady pigs,—so like Jennie!”

(Exeunt R.)

Wives. “We will pursue!” (Exeunt R.)

(Doris left on stage.)

Doris. “I think Honie’s Gone for good this time!” “Oh, dear me! And what fate pursues me!” “Here I’ve lived for twenty-five years (looks anxiously around). I wonder if they heard? and never yet have I met the right man. Every one



that proposes to me so far has been such a fool! Now there's Twiddicums,—he's followed me from New York,—and just then that silly old man. Really the Navy boy I saw twice in the hotel at Aden, looked like the only sensible person I've seen in three months. I wonder where he is now? I would have liked to have met him. I suppose by this time he's in Java or Japan with his ship. I'm a perfect Newport, a gathering place for all the fools on the Continent." (Exit L.)

(Enter R., Mrs. S. and the Mullah.)

Mrs. S. "Do you think we've evaded them?"

Mullah. "Certainly! Why we walked three times around that palm tree! They can't possibly know where we are!"

Mrs. S. "How nice to be alone! Alone with a kindred soul!"

Mullah (aside). "The conversation is becoming personal!" (aloud), "Yes, Jennie and I used to feel that way!"

Mrs. S. (pleadingly). "Mr. Mullah—!"

Mullah (putting arm around her waist). "Call me Bennie!" (They sway back and forth).

Mrs. S. "Well, Bennie, promise me you won't talk so much about Jennie!"

Mullah. "Certainly, dimpled darling! What shall we talk about?"

Mrs. S. "Tell me about yourself, do your wives really plot against you?"

M. "Plot! I should say they did! Why only this morning I found one of them putting Uneeda Strength Food in my breakfast! You'd never plot against me, would you, Honie?"

Mrs. S. "Such a question stabs me to the heart!"

M. "Well, let's get married to-morrow then, er—(consults note book) shall I put you down for eleven? That's still open. Good! At two we'll bowstring Iris, Lotus, and Little Mary McClam!"

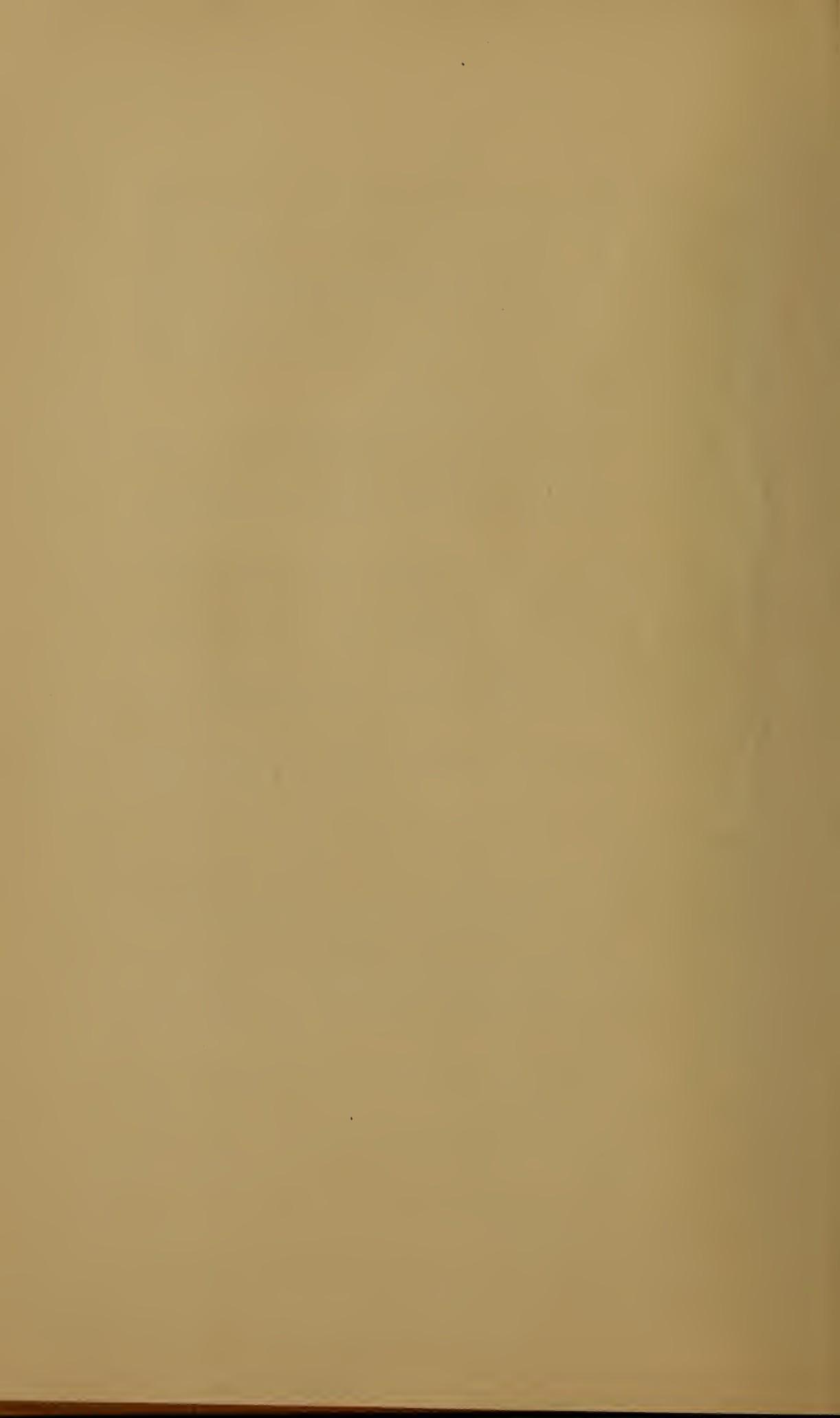
Mrs. S. "Why you cold-blooded wretch! Never would I consent to such a holocaust!"

M. "Very well, then, but you'll find 'em an awful bother about the house!"

Mrs. S. Before consenting, I must consult Alonzo! Tonight in the dark of the moon!"

Mullah. "Alonzo!"

Mrs. S. (shamefacedly.) "Yes, dovey, I forgot to tell you, little Honie has been married!"



Mullah. "Why that's all right, I'm a professional widower myself?"

Mrs. S. "Oh, Bennie, ever since I was a little maid, I have dreamed of a man like you!"

M. "What a long, long dream."

(Characteristic Duet) 6. "Long, Long Dreams!"

Mullah. "Let's talk of the wedding arrangements! You will have a wreath of lotus flowers, and pink puppies!"

Mrs. S. "Puppies?"

Mullah. "Poppys, of course I mean poppys!"

Mrs. S. "No, I must run now and snatch a little nap!"

Mullah. "Oh, you cunning moth! " But aren't you going to stay for the private view?"

Mrs. S. "The private view!"

Mullah. "Yes, a little idea of mine borrowed from an artist friend! Every night at six I stand in some exposed place and—er—allow my subjects to look at me, and sing hymns of joy! It gives them an art education free—I don't charge a cent—(singing without) there they come now!"

Mrs. S. "No, I'm too weary, some other night! Meet me here at eight, then will I give you an answer. I will call Alonzo! Ajeu, fond love, ajeu!"

(Exit L.).

Mullah. "Well now, I wonder if she'd talk about me that way if I was dead? Ah here they come! I'm looking handsome as usual, I daresay, medals on straight! I'll have to buy myself a few more getting married again, heroism certainly deserves recognition!"

7. "March the Mullah of Miasmia—Exeunt omnes at end (rear).

(Enter R., Dr. H., and Pro. D.)

Dr. H. (cautiously). "Have dey vent?"

Pro. D. "You mean, have they gone?"

Dr. H. (angrily). "Vell den, is dey heare! Vich efer vay I tink you mean der opposite, so what's der use?"

Pro. D. "Er—what did you think of the wedding gift? haw!"

Dr. H. "Ett vas a berfct punch of lofiness!"

Pro. D. "Er—its history the vizier just told us was interesting!"

Dr. H. "I am not interested in der history, Dodles, I'm interested in der bresent!"



Pro. D. "You quibble, sir! —er—as I told—er—you,— permit me to be vulgar—we are in a pretty pickle!"

Dr. H. (reflectively). "I lofe piggles!"

Pro. D. "Now—er—my idea is, as our eastern friend evidently values the jewel so little, as he displays it so carelessly, to—er—hem—to—er—hem—to borrow it for the time being in the interest of science!"

Dr. H. "Oh, Dodles, vhat a peautiful purglar you vould make!"

Pro. D. "What, sir?"

Dr. H. "I vould gife you to my brodder—he iss a Chief of Bolice, und der finest purglar I haf evar met!"

Pro. D. "Enough—er—this will require work, but—as—er Pliny once said so beautifully —er—hem— of labor — in one of his splendid sunsets — there was a young man — er — hem — of Dundreary, who of work was excessively weary, — so—er—hem — he said, after this, I will hunt out a miss, if—er— she's —er— hem—rich, I'll at once call her deary!"

Dr. H. "Oh, vhat's a lofly sentimental Dodles!"

Pro. D. "Cut that Dodles out!"

Dr. H. "All right, Mr. Batty!"

(Down stage). 9. "A Desperate Fix We're In!"

Pro. D. "Now I will lay my plans!"

Dr. H. "Und I vill hatch 'em!"

Pro. D. "Don't meddle,—(turns to go) Ignoramus!"

Dr. H. "Vhat?"

Pro. D. "Ignoramus!"

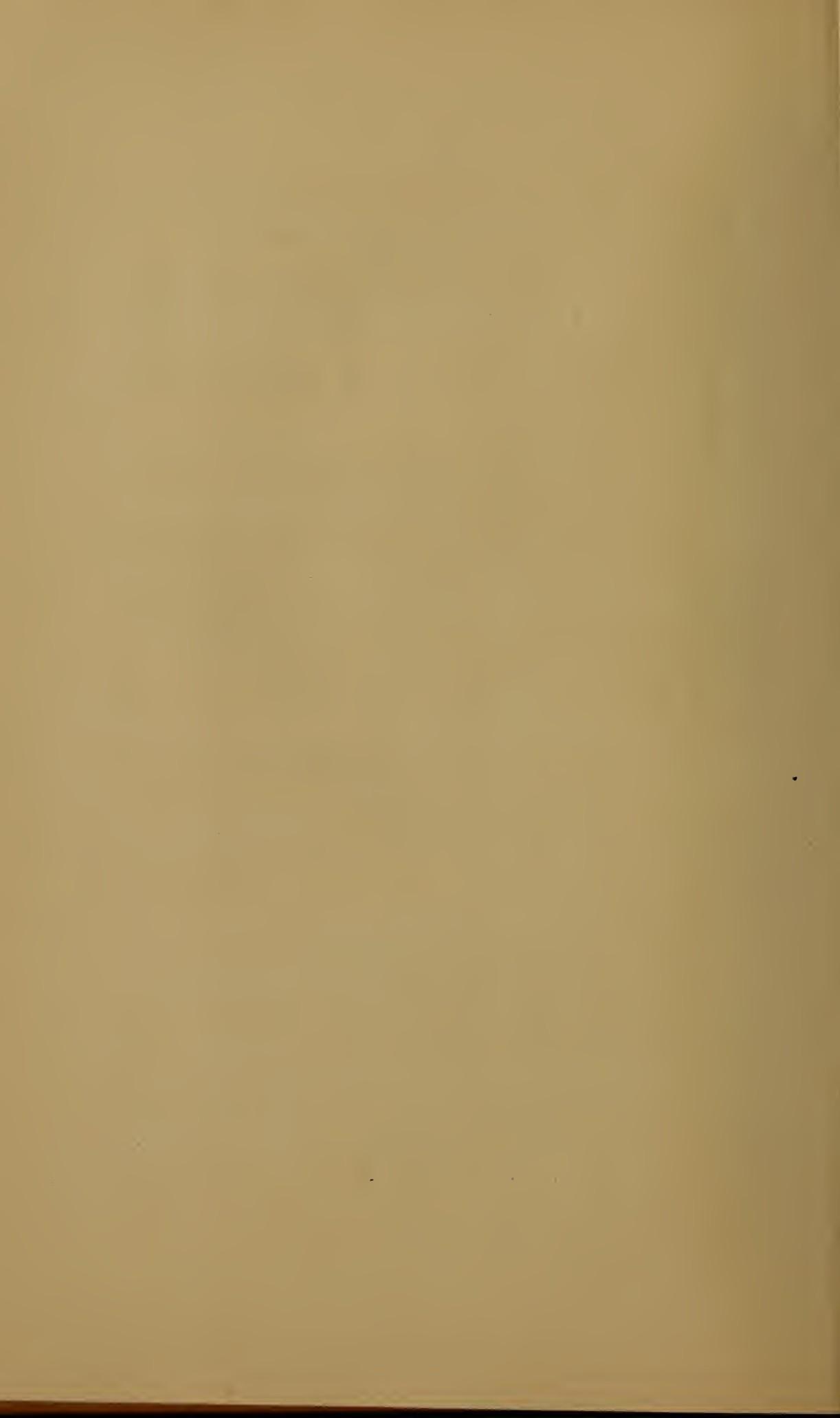
Dr. H. (excitedly). "Vhere?"

Pro. D. "Look in the well, Ignoramus!"

Dr. H. "Look in der well? Poor yellow, he haf der craziness!" (Rushes to well and looks down) (in sad low tones) "He means Me—" (after thought) "Ha, vonce again haf der German Gerfundensnock been insult! I vill be revenge! Der diamond I vill stole, und he vill nefer knew vich took ett yet" (half skipping down stage) "oh skid-e-dee—oh skid-e-dee. Dats my vay off being happy." (Tremendous explosion rear, Awful Sad slides on stage. Picks himself up and shakes fist at desert. Dr. H. approches gingerly as if stalking game. A. S. turns and glares fixedly at him.)

Dr. H. "Goot efeninges, zur.

(A. S. strangling.)



Dr. H. "Und vhot do dey gall you, plize ?

A. S. "Bubble!!!"

Dr. H. "O Meestar Bubble and vhere is your home? avay."

A. S. "Bubble!!!"

Dr. H. "Oe Meestar Bubble from Bubble what you came out heare pecause?"

A. S. (frantically) "Bubble!!!"

Dr. H. (angrilly). "Bouble! Bouble! Bouble! What you mean? Eff you chortle mit me I slap you mit der flat off my foot int der face."

A. S. "Bubble! Bubble! Bubble!"

Dr. H. "Am I crazy? I wonder what makes me so angry?"

A. S. "Automobile! Damn it."

(Enter L. John Gatacre). "Oh here you are. Nice quiet little machine of yours Awfuli Hurt?" "What's this row about?"

"Dr. H. (indicating A. S.) "Who iss der chentleman mit der bunch off foolishness all ofer his face?"

A. S. "Why this beastly German Dodobird!"

Dr. H. (dignified.) "Mit me you address yourself as der burd?"

J. G. "Say eagle, Awfuli, fine old German eagle!"

A. S. "Well, then, this fine old German eagle, met me when I landed, asked me silly questions, doncher know, mouth full of sand, so of course I couldn't answer!"

J. G. "Oh, I see!" (turning to Dr. H.) and—"

Dr. H. "How de do, zur? und vhere iss your home?"

J. G. "Ware."

Dr. H. "Yas, vhere?"

J. G. "That's it, Ware."

Dr. H. "Of course it's it, vhere?"

J. G. "Screw loose, I guess, why I'm a lieutenant of Marines, I'm not home very often; but when I am my home's Ware."

Dr. H. "Oh no, I'm der question, your de answer, und now vhere iss your home?"

J. G. "Ware. Ware. Massachusetts!"

Dr. H. "How should I know where in Massachusetts? Oh no, oh no, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy! Now—now—(showing on finger) heare is I'm, und here is'n you, oh no, no, heare iss you und heare iss I'm."



J. G. "Oh, I'm the thumb, am I?"

Dr. H. "Yas, und dots etts youse der dumb! Vell now you come around from heare und when I see you I say und, how de do zur und vhre haf you come frum, und you say from my home, und der name tell me jusm!"

J. G. "Poor old chap! I suppose he's been out here for years, just wandering around this way!"

(Enter Doris 2 L. E., dragging along Mrs. S., who is attired in napping costume.)

(Doris sees Gatacre, stops, starts, Gatacre also starts.)

Doris. "I thought you had gone to—(recovers herself). "Doctor, what was that noise? I was wakened from my siesta!"

Dr. H. (briefly). "A craziness und a craziness keeper!"

(Exit L., looking at Awfuli). "He called me a burd!"

Mrs. S. (catches sight of men, remembers costume, and uttering despairing shriek, disappears under tent flap).

(Sounds from within tent.)

Dr. H. "Ged out! Ged out off my tent! You vas a thief woman!"

Mrs. S. Wretch! Impertinent wretch!"

(Noise subsides.)

Gatacre. "Old chap a bit dotty!"

Doris. "Oh, no, he's a famous scientist!"

Gatacre. "Same thing! But I beg your pardon—permit me to introduce ourselves—this is Prince Sad of Miasmia, a great friend of mine—I am John Gatacre of the United States Marine Corps!"

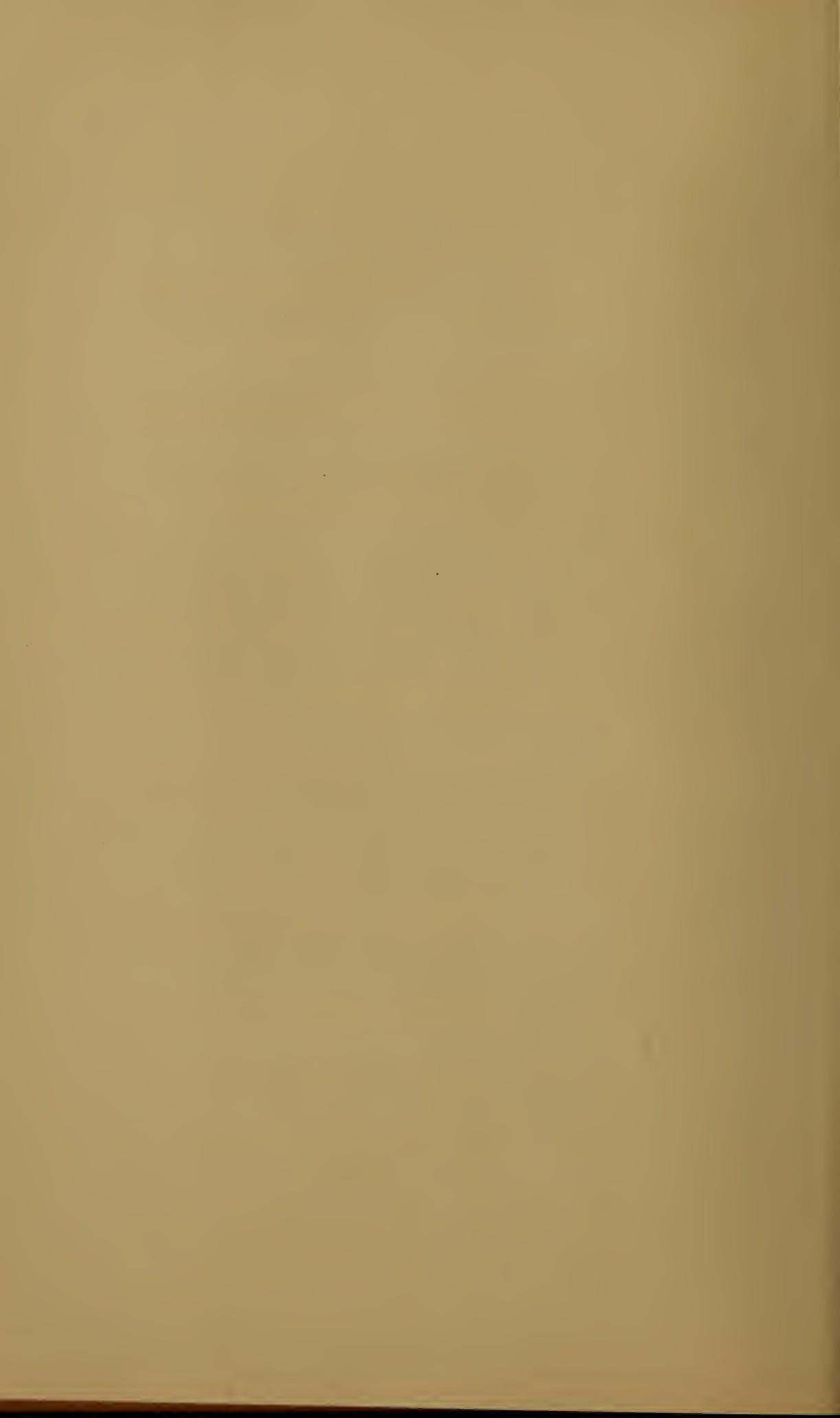
Doris. "Oh, I know all about you, your father, Prince Sad, arrived about two hours ago, and gave us all a dreadful fright, not as bad a one as you did though, what was that noise? Did I hear Auto-car?"

J. G. "Oh, you see we made the run up from Aden in an auto, the Prince is awfully up-to-date. Worked beautifully until it saw one of those Arabian women and then it just broke right down. Awfuli landed on his face and I on my —er (feels seat of trousers) er—my feet!"

Doris. "Lucky you had on boots! Come—I—will take you to your Father Prince Sad!" (starts to go).

Awfuli. "Jack—er—Jack?"

J. G. "Well?"



Awfuli. "Jack, I have waited for a girl like that for years!"

J. G. (gloomily). "Go ahead, old chap, I won't stop you,—keep on waiting—you'll get a good position soon!"

Doris (to Gatacre). "And you?"

J. G. "Er—er—pardon me—I'm going to look for my scattered—wardrobe—I saw one leg of a bully pair of trousers back there!"

(*Exeunt Doris and A. S. R.*)

J. G. (savagely). "I hope he chokes!"

(It is becoming dusk—Gatacre goes up stage to well. Enter Van. T. looking about).

Van T. "Have you seen a lady pass?"

J. G. (sourly). "She wouldn't be a lady if she did!"

Van T. "Fawncy!"

(*Exit L.*)

J. G. "I wonder where that silly Juggins hopped on? Brother, father, no lover, that's it—two against you, Gatacre, and one's got a title—perhaps she's a Princess herself! To think that I should meet her here!" The girl I saw in the hotel at Aden—I wonder if she remembers me—no, no such luck as that! And she hasn't told me her name—mysterious maid of the mysterious East!"

(The moon comes out).

Song No. 10. (Gatacre solo). "Mysterious Maid of the Mysterious East!"

(Chorus accompaniment from behind wings. Moon gets brighter until stage is light as day.)

(Enter Van T. R. in deep thought.)

Van T. "Found 'em—lost 'em—walking with 'em, brown chap, fawncy! Where could they have got to? Doris—Miss Diddlebat, where are you?"

J. G. "Her name (softly) Doris—Diddlebat, how romantic!"

(*Exit L.*)

Van T. "Waters! Waters!"

(Enter W., L. He is a trifle unsteady on his feet.)

W. "Ere—hic—my Lady."

Van T. "What are you doing, Waters? Dancing the hornpipe?"

W. "H'Im a trifle faint sir—h'Ive wobbly feet, sir, h'its 'ereditary."

Van T. "Oh, some of our best families have it! Busy, Waters?"



W. "No my—sir—h'I mean, sir—"

Van T. "Very good! Walk three miles for me will you, Doctor ordered me to take exercise!"

(Exit Waters R.)

Van T. "He's been drinking my very best! He makes me tired—everyone makes me tired—ever been tired? No? I'll tell you all about it—let's begin!"

10. "Awfully bored!"

(Doris and Awfuli Sad stroll on R. and join in chorus.)

Van T. "Oh, here you are! Greetings! How you feeling?"

A. S. "Mad, that's what I am!"

Van T. "Runs in the family, don't it?"

Doris. "Shall we sit on the well?"

Van T. "Oh, very well!"

A. S. "Ah, the moon is arising!"

Van T. "Foolish moon!"

(Up stage to well and sit on coping, Doris between them).

(Van T. back to A. S., Doris takes hand of each).

A. S. "Umm!" (Exclamation).

Van T. "Umm! Umm!"

Doris. "Intelligent."

A. S. (looking over shoulder at Van T., in whisper): "Not very, I think."

Van T. "Doris, how long are you going to keep me waiting—pon soul, lost appetite—soon be eating angel food."

Doris. "Now, Twiggs, I told you once for all I wouldn't marry you; if I ever marry, it will be a title—some Marq-is, I fancy."

Van T. "Probably first part of that."

Doris. "I want to wear strawberry leaves."

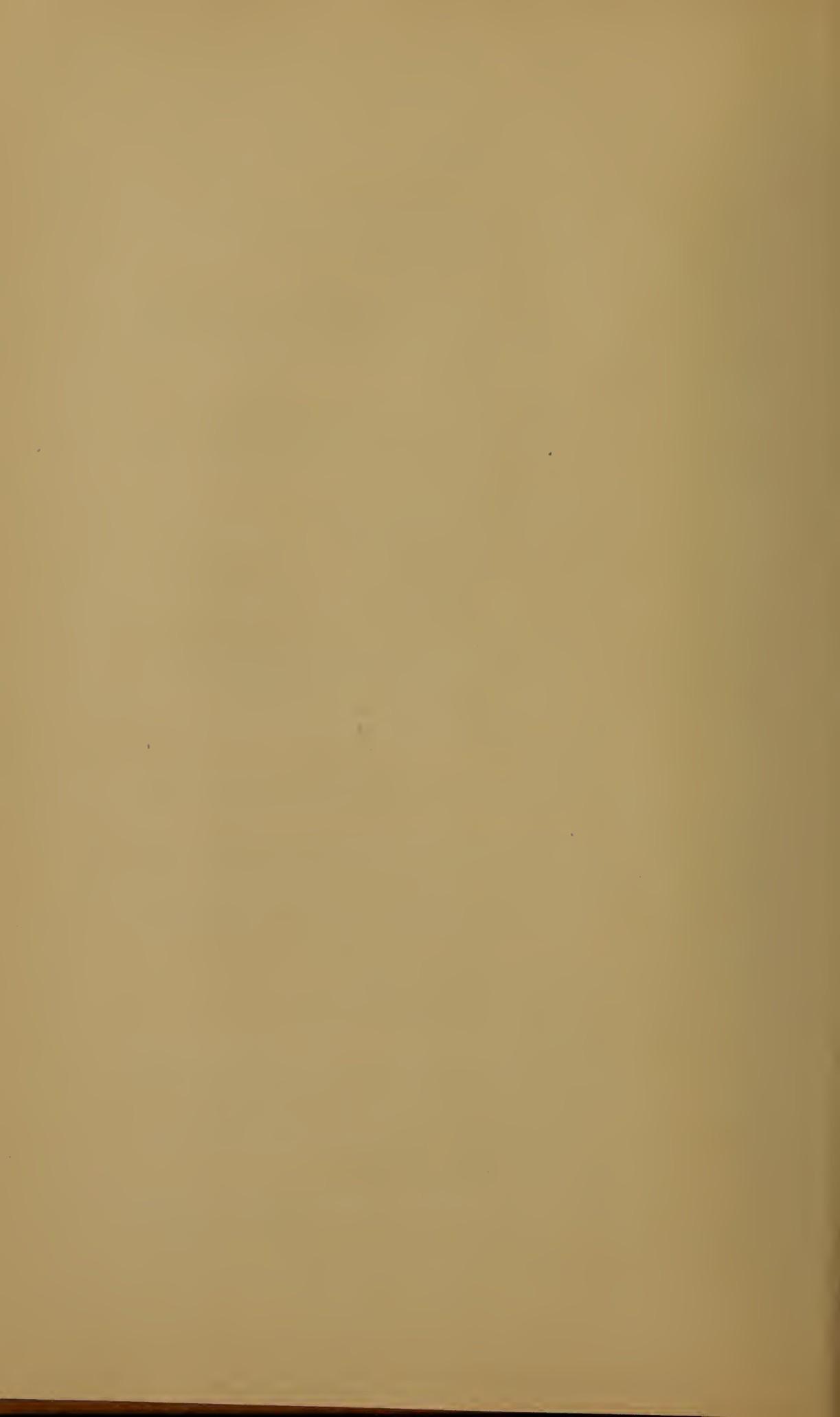
Van T. "How indecent!"

A. S. "Miss Dibblebat—Doris—I've got a beastly mixture, ye know, of American and Arabian love-making. My soul, too's, compounded of strange parts—mother and father!"

Doris. "I'm sure this is a receipt for a patent medicine."

Van T. (gazing into space). "Clevah!"

A. S. "Father, you know, brave, impetuous, rough,—Mother, father's twenty-fifth wife, timid, gentle, thoughtful. Father says, 'I'll marry you.' Mother, will you or will you not?'"



Doris. "Good heavens! Newport again!"

Van T. "Umm! Umm!"

A. S. "You'll live on lotus flowers and star dust."

Doris. "How unsubstantial!"

(A. S. turns back again, Van T. begins to rock gently forward and back in silence, all do. Suddenly they lose balance and Van T. and A. S. fall down well).

Van T. (falling). And—that's all."

Doris. "Help! Help! O, dear, they're fighting down there. They'll drown! Oh, he's got him by the necktie—now now he's got him by the hair. Oh dear, what shall I do!"

(Enter J. G. L.)

J. G. "What's the matter? Lost a hair pin?"

Doris (hysterically.) "Quick! oh, quick!"

J. G. (calmly looking down well.) "Let 'em stay!"

Doris. "You brute! Help! Help!"

(Dr. H. gallops on L. followed by Violet and Pro. D.)

Dr. H. (attacking palm). "Heare iss it—quivck, I haf got heem by der suspenders."

Doris. "No, here, here!"

Dr. H. "Vhere, vhere!"

Doris. "In the well!"

Dr. H. "In der vell! Vhat, lobsters and vatercress?"

Doris. "No, men!"

Dr. H. "Men in der vell, men in der pipe-dream!"

Pro. D. (looking down well). "Er—heem—haw—I—er—suggest we send—er—to Aden for a ladder."

J. G. (stooping down well). "Here, I have it!"

(They form a line, Doris takes his coat-tail, Pro. D. her hand, Violet, his coat-tail, and Dr. H. her tail. They pull).

Dr. H. "Der only vay—ett iss a far, far bedder ting, I do, vich I haf efer done, a far, far bedder, ent I holdt dan I haf efer heldt before!"

(A. S. and Van T. brought to surface).

Dr. H. (leading away A. S. and Violet R.). "He has been vatered, now I vill curry heem."

Van T. "Somebody! Quick!"

All. "Yes?"

Van T. "Screen!"

(J. G. rushes out and returns with small screen; Van T. places it about him).



Van T. "And—that's all!"

(Exeunt Van T. and Pro. D., leaving Doris and J. G. on the stage).

Doris. (hysterically). "Oh, I'm so nervous!"

J. G. "Don't be nervous, Miss Doodlebat; it er—will only make you nervous, you know."

(They walk rapidly up and down stage).

J. G. (aside). "Gee! This is bully exercise."

Doris. "I—I thought they'd drown!"

J. G. "Oh, well, they may, some other time."

Doris. "You—you don't understand me! Oh, the night and all, it's theatrical. It isn't real."

J. G. "Ah, don't say that—I hoped this life was true, and that I had left the theatre and all mention of it on far-off Broadway."

11. (Duet). (Doris and Gatacre). "The Dramatic Stew."

J. G. "Now, let's be serious!" (Sentry in white crosses and re-crosses stage, back). "Do you know I saw you in the hotel at Aden!"

Doris (innocently). "Really?"

J. G. "That was two weeks ago. It doesn't take long for a man to fall—"

Doris (eagerly). "Yes?"

J. G. "Down a well, does it?"

Doris (mirthlessly). How very amusing your serious moments are!"

J. G. "Doris! Wait, I'll start again!"

Doris. "Don't stop!"

J. G. "Well then, it's easy for a man to fall in love, isn't it?"

Doris. "Ah, don't say that—don't say that—I can never—!"

J. G. (following her). "Why not, Doris?"

Doris. "Why, I haven't got any money."

J. G. (cheerfully). "Oh, that's all right! Neither have I—we'll talk about how little we have!"

(Proceeds to exit L. noise of gurgling R.)

Doris. "Hush! Do you hear that noise?"

J. G. "No!"

Doris. "It must be my imagination,—there are so many strange things in the desert!"



(Exeunt L., enter R. Waters, supported on all sides by four blacks).

W. "Ere now, 'andle H'of me—hic—'andle me gentle,—blime me h'Ive got h'a prize package wid me! (the blacks whisper to him) "where —hic? 'ave course in the centre, where h'i kin roll h'a bit!" (they slide him down stage and he sits down with a bump) H'O! (with great dignity) 'o was a laffin?" Niv—(falls forward from waist) niv—'ould me up, h'isent you h'a seeing whin I bind the word breaks in the med-med-middle—niv-nivir—drink— hic—h'irish whiskey h'on H'an English stomach! Fight. Stop h'a shakin h'of me—would ye 'ave h'a gin sling?" (silence). H'o H'it's H'amusin, h'its H'entertainin, h'its bloomin lafable! "Faver, faver, 'e h'as was h'own gentleman to—to— faver was never gentlemint, to nobody, 'e says, Robert, a speakin soft, Robert, 'ave a fondness fittin for birds, 'ave a fondness for fittin birds, 'ere faver 'aint no bloomin' H'English sparrow,—'ave a fittin fondness for birds, but for 'eavens sake don't go h'on h'a lark! (laughing) h'an h'if this h'ain't a lark! H'O! H'if this h'ain't a lark! Me 'as 'as been in service twenty years (looking at black's hair) h'associatin wiv h'a bunch h'of Cucoo's nists! Miny's th'—hic—miny th'—hic—(falls asleep).

(The blacks lay him flat and steal gently out R. It becomes darker).

(Enter rear R. Dr. H., in stealthy manner).

Dr. H. "Der diamond I haf stole! I crepd int to der tint, unt picked it off der chist off Mr. Munchener! I vill bury it heare, Ha! dis remindt's me of der time vhen I vould creep aboud der capitol of Jermany, Saint Louis, mit a fearful bologna sausage in von handt und a jimmy of Switzer Cheese int der oder, und springing upon der defenceless logar beer, vould drag ett to der ground!"

(He looks up, sees someone approaching, hastily buries the diamond, and slips behind palm-tree, but watches).

(Enter Mrs. S. L. and at the same time the Mullah R.)

Mrs. S. "Was ever maiden so distraught! Ah, there he is, so handsome and so brave!"

(Throws herself upon the Mullah who struggles violently).

Mullah. "Help! Help! Another plot! Help!"

Mrs. S. "Bennie! Its me, its me!"

Mullah. "Me! who's me! Help! Munchener! Munchener!"



Dr. H. "Two steins, unt bring 'em quivek!"

Mrs. S. "Bennie! don't you know your little Honie?"

Mullah (taking her hands and swinging them). "Oh, how you scared Bennie! He thought it was little Mary McClam! Feel how heart's beating rag time."

Mrs. S. "Why it leaps like a kangaroo! But now Bennie, you must go, I need you not, in twenty minutes I will give you your answer!"

Mullah. "You'll persuade Alonzo won't you, just to spite Mary? She just so suspicious, to-night!"

Mrs. S. "Mary!"

Mullah. "Yes, told her I was going to a little impromptu Club. She said there were some around home I might get to know! Mary's so playful!"

Mrs. S. "The wretch, I will soon show her her position!"

Mullah. "Apple of my eye, you are a peach!"

Mrs. S. "Ah, you alone understand my complex soul!"

Mullah. "Well, father you know, was a shoemaker for some time!"

Dr. H. "Und speaking off shoemakers, I hope dat iss der last!"

Mrs. S. "Ah no! Do not embrace me. First I must consult Alonzo, (looking upward). Deary, do you mind?" (W. groans).

Dr. H. (loudly). "He says, vire avay, only vor Heafen's sake be done mid id."

Mrs. S. "Hark! did you hear that, Alonzo!"

M. "Alonzo!"

Mrs. S. "Yes; his very voice a trifle hoarse."

Dr. H. "Ett vas coldt mit noddings but clouds on."

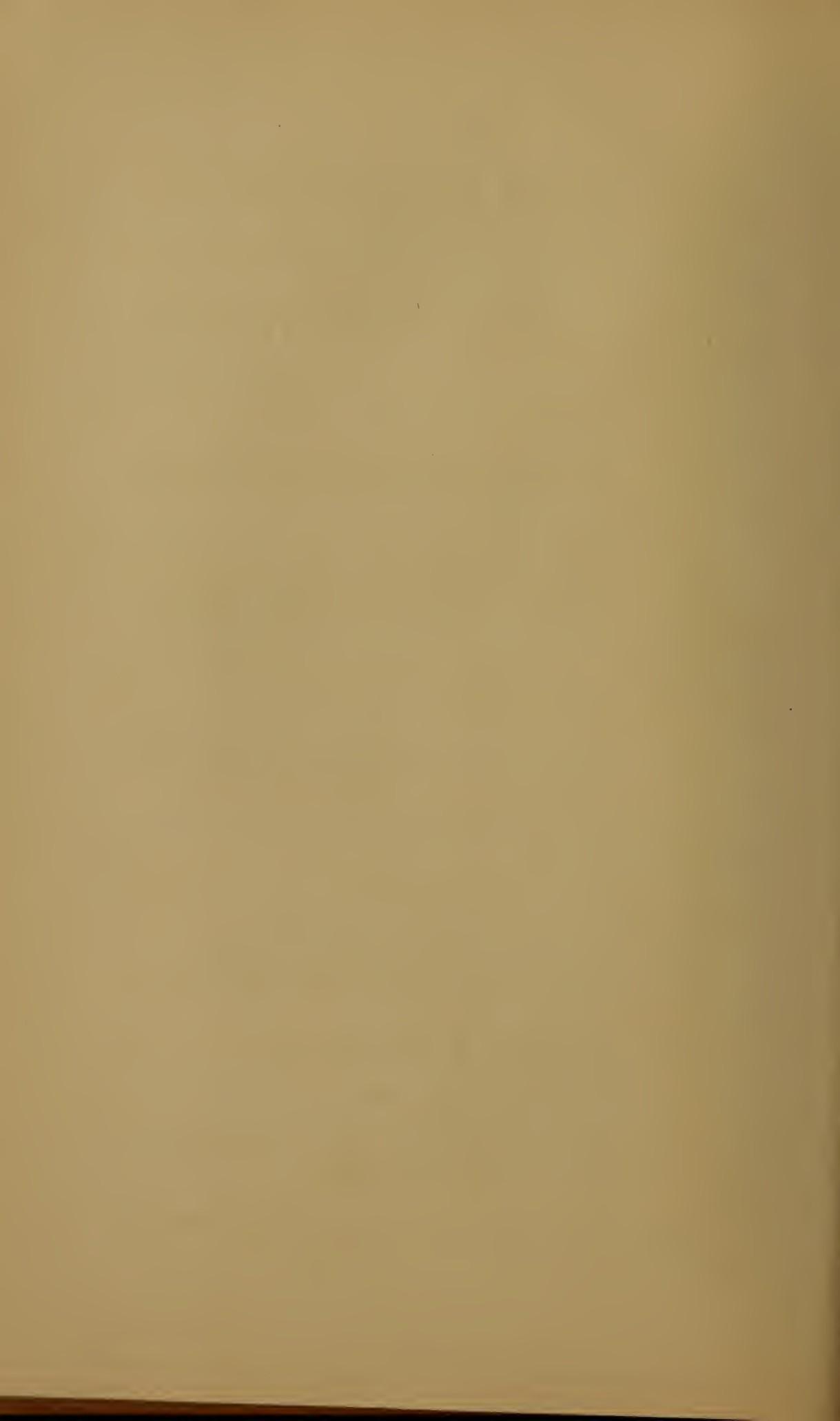
Mrs. S. "Deary, don't they give you anything warm to wear?"

Dr. H. "You vas mistook; you vas mistook. You vas tinking off der winter resort down pelow."

M. (trembling). "You don't need me, Tootsie? Your own Bennie will protect you from intruders out side."

Mrs. S. "Alonzo!" (Silence). "Ah, well, I'll try again; meanwhile I'll rest my weary limbs upon this bit of ancient ruin!"

(Sits on W., who raises head, looks curiously at her, but relapses).



Mrs. S. "Yes, there is an odor of sanctity here, Alonzo! In the sacred name of John Dowie, I invoke thee!"

Dr. H. "Vell?"

Mrs. S. "Tell me, tell me; can I marry my Mullah, or not?"

Dr. H. "Py gracious, yes; only hurry op; I haf a date mit George Vashington at ten!"

(Silence).

Mrs. S. "Alonzo!"

(Silence).

Mrs. S. "He has gone!"

(Waters groans and gurgles): "No, he is here; I hear the spirits working!"

(Waters groans).

Mrs. S. (sweetly). "Calling me, dearest?"

Dr. H. "Vell, py gracious; iss dat woman still here? All righdt, Mr. Bismarck, I vill see you shortly; goot py, goot py. Vell?"

W. (raises head and looks at Mrs. S.). "'Eavens! Farver! 'Elp! 'elp!" (Staggers to feet and exit madly). "Hi knew hi 'ad 'em; hi knew hi 'ad 'em!"

Mrs. S. "The mountains move, the ruins run. What manifestation is this? Dowie! Alonzo!" (Dr. Henglecoper rushes to flies, but is seized by Pro. D., who is just entering).

Pro. D. "Trapped, villain!"

Mrs. S. "Ah! ah! ah!"

(Noise in wings. Enter all except Van T. and Muley. Some bearing torches. Lights up.)

Cho. "What's this? What's this?" { Oratorio.

Dr. H. "Vhat's vhat? Vhat's vhat?" }

Mullah. "Why all this noise? What crime has been committed?"

Pro. D. "Some evil; but what, I do not know."

(Enter Muley hastily, R.)

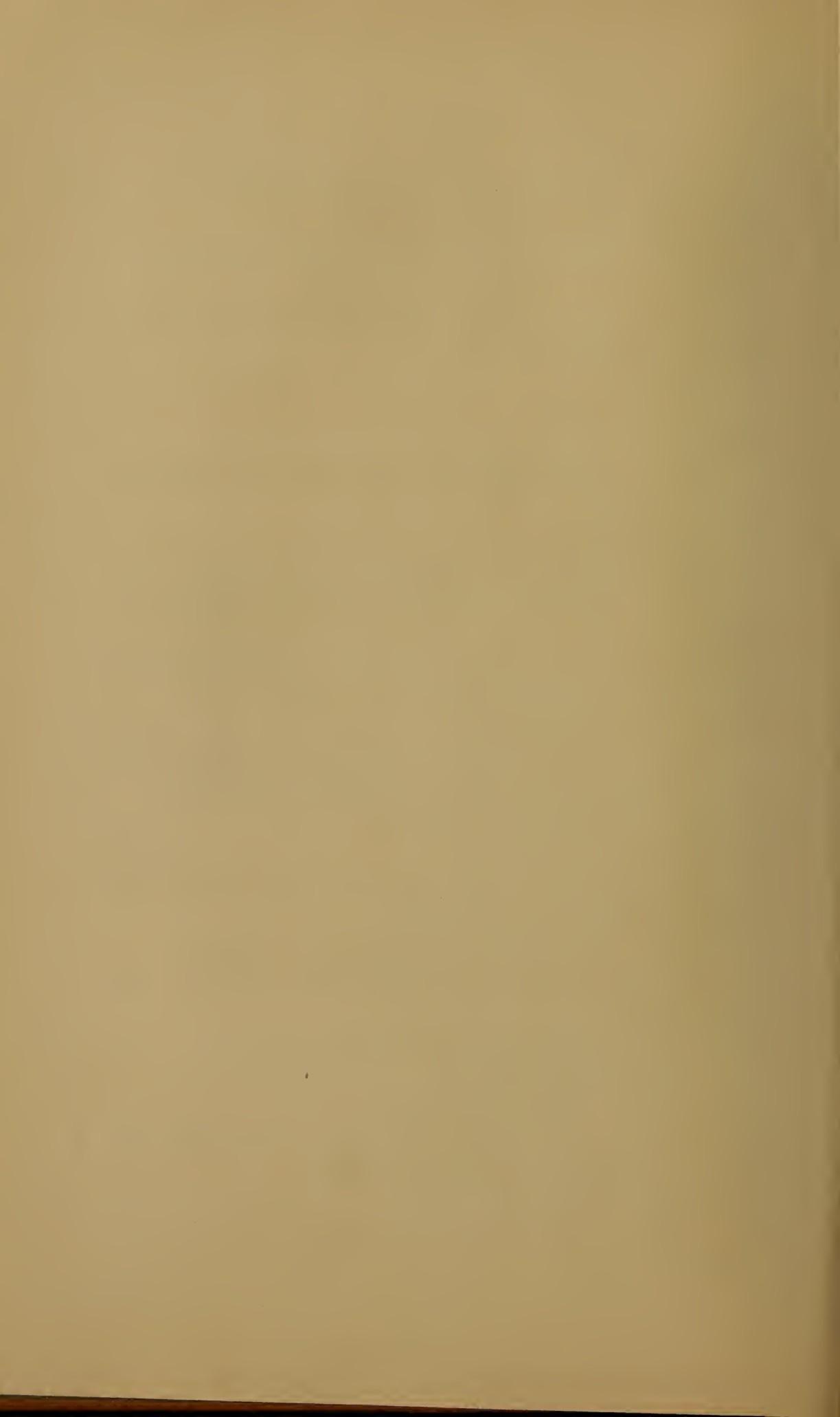
Muley. "My Lord, the Diamond's gone!"

Mullah. "The hel—the what!"

Muley. "It was purloined as I slept—I found this at the entrance of the tent!" (Exhibits monocle).

Doris. "Twiggs Twiddicums!"

Pro. S. "No, no, your Majesty. I know now, that German took it."



Dr. V. "Me'sen? Vhy vhat a redeculos ment."

Mullah. "We'll arrest 'em both. Bring the other dog here."

(Exit two blacks 2 R. E.)

Mullah. "I'll boil him in hot oil—I'll—I won't speak to him again this evening! That's all!"

(Enter blacks dragging Van T. 2 R. E.)

Van T. "I say ye know, this makes me beastly dormouse!"

Dr. H. "Vere criminals! Vere criminals! Oh, my ain't it nize?"

(Innocently) "What for did you stole der diamondt?"

Mullah. "Seize that other villain." (Four blacks seize Dr. H. They struggle).

Dr. H. "Varevell to Violet." (Violet rushes on stage. Dr. H. breaks loose and embraces her).

Mullah. "Come, we will to bed; 'tis late; these rogues in chains; we'll examine them anon, and to-morrow all must come to the wedding of my son."

A. S. "Wait; I don't think there will be a wedding, governor. I'm going to marry Doris, only later."

(Casts triumphant look at Van T.).

Mullah. "What?"

Doris. "That all depends."

S. G. "They don't count me at all."

Mullah. "This is the limit." (Falls into Muley's arms).

A. S. "What ails the governor?"

Muley. "Apoplexy, sire—and hearken 'till he recovers, you are regent of Miasmia."

A. S. "Regent! Bully! We'll make another kingdom of the place. We'll start in now—a thousand automobiles, please, from Aden."

Curtain.



ACT II.

SCENE 1.—(Interior of large tent, entrances rear centre, 1 left and 1 right, curtain up, disclosing dark stage, light of cigarettes visible).

(Opening Chorus).

(End of chorus lights up, discovering women, guards and Muley Munchener sitting cross-legged on divans).

Muley. "Haste! Throw those cigarettes away—should the Prince see women smoking he'd think he was at a New York party!"

(Cho. "Hold up hands in horror.")

Muley. "By the beard of the prophet, he thinks so already, never have I seen such doings—last night it sounded like a Saengerfest with the singing left out!" "The old Mullah was bad enough, but he was a pink peony compared to this!"

(Singing without).

(Repeat last part of opening chorus).

(Enter warriors—enter A. S. briskly).

Chorus. "Hail! Hail, the Prince!"

A. S. (aside). "Hail? Humph! A nice way to begin a reign!"

(Goes over to raised divan).

"Muley. "And your Grace is feeling well?"

A. S. "Oh, very cosy, thank you, very cosy indeed."

Muley (aside). "It's a wonder (aloud) they're a few formalities, your Grace, to be gone through with, incident to your becoming regent, and—"

A. S. "Let's cut 'em out! What with the automobiles I've ordered, and the telephone men, and the plumbers all over the tents, I'm so busy I don't—"

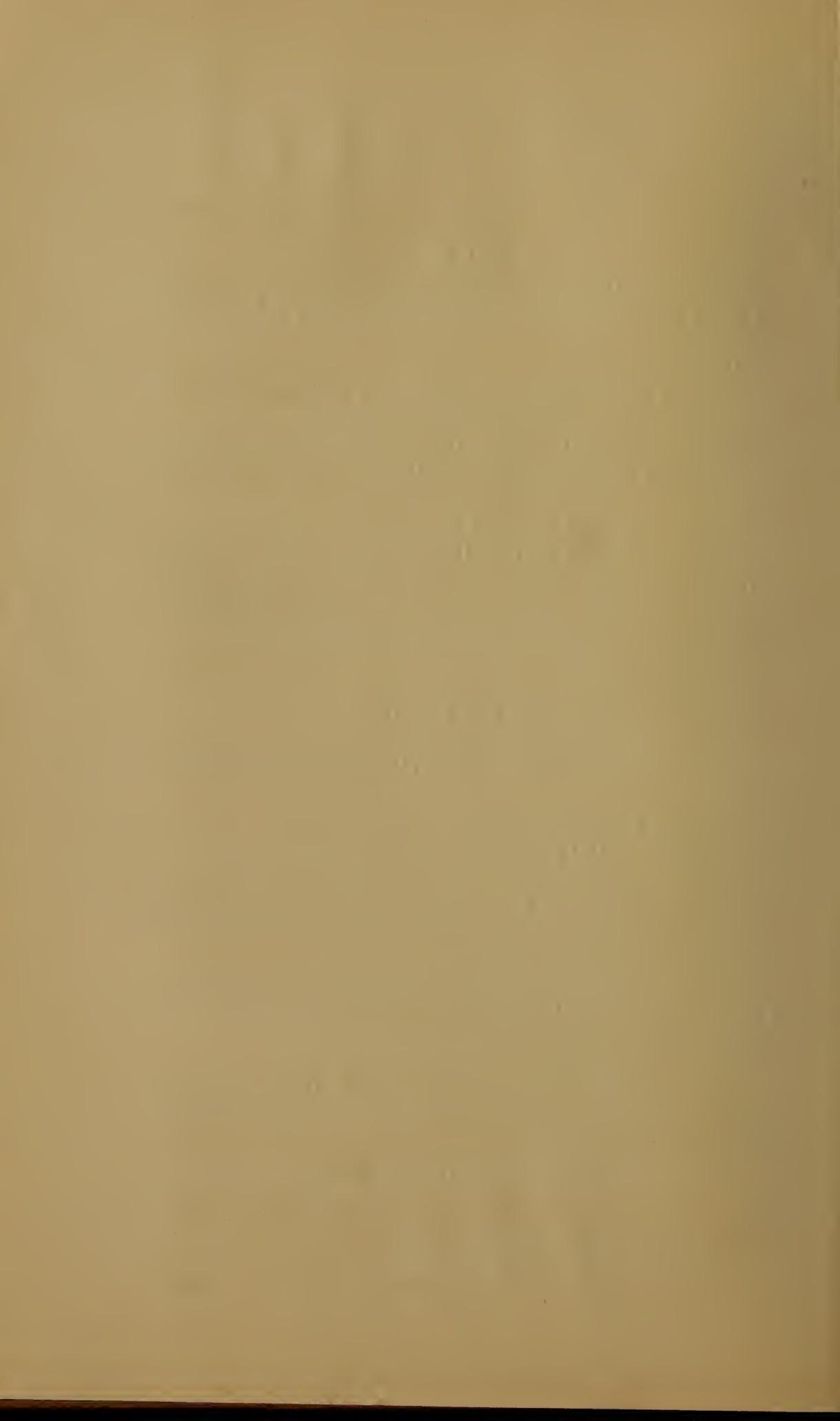
Muley (resignedly). "As your Grace says."

A. S. (angrily). "You bet, it's as your Grace says! I've got lots of father's nature in me still, and don't you forget it! Where are my guests?"

Muley. "Watching the royal dancers in the tent next but two."

A. S. Well, fetch 'em here; what do they think the royal tent is—a side show? Fetch 'em, quick!"

(Starts for Muley, who dodges and escapes rear).



A. S. (returning to divan). "Ah, this life is too busy for me! My lot was to be a troubador, and silken clad, to twang my love! (To Chorus) did you catch that? Twang my love? When I get off good things like that, say capital remark! What are you here for?"

Chorus (vacantly) "Capital remark."

A. S. "If I ever drink any more of those Roosevelt cocktails! They're the most strenuous things I ever tasted. I've the most fuzz-wuzzy feeling; I am an ass—"

Chorus (vacantly). "Capital remark."

A. S. "What! Out of my sight, base minions; back, back to Dr. Woodbury and get yourselves remodelled!"

(Exit Chorus, singing).

A. S. (sinking back on divan). "This mixing idioms is awful; I hope the governor stays sick till I get my hand well in, I'll practice regal methods. I guess pop's eyes will pop when he sees his kingdom!"

(Enter R. Muley, sidles fearfully all around the stage, finally daring to approach A. S. and salaam).

(Enter J. G. and Pro. D., laughing and talking, followed by Waters).

A. S. "Well, how did you like the dancing?"

J. G. "Splendid! Splendid! The large blonde person with the hare-lip was graceful as a bunny, and the little thing! She was active as a kitten; why, three times there—"

Waters. "H'I must say, h'a beggin h'of your majesty's pardon, h'it was th' finest Hoki Poki dancin' ever I—"

A. S. "We are glad you liked it. They are the only troupe in Arabia. Papa was forced to import them from the Pan-American!"

J. G. (aside). "Isn't he getting regal?"

Pro. D. "I must-er-admit——"

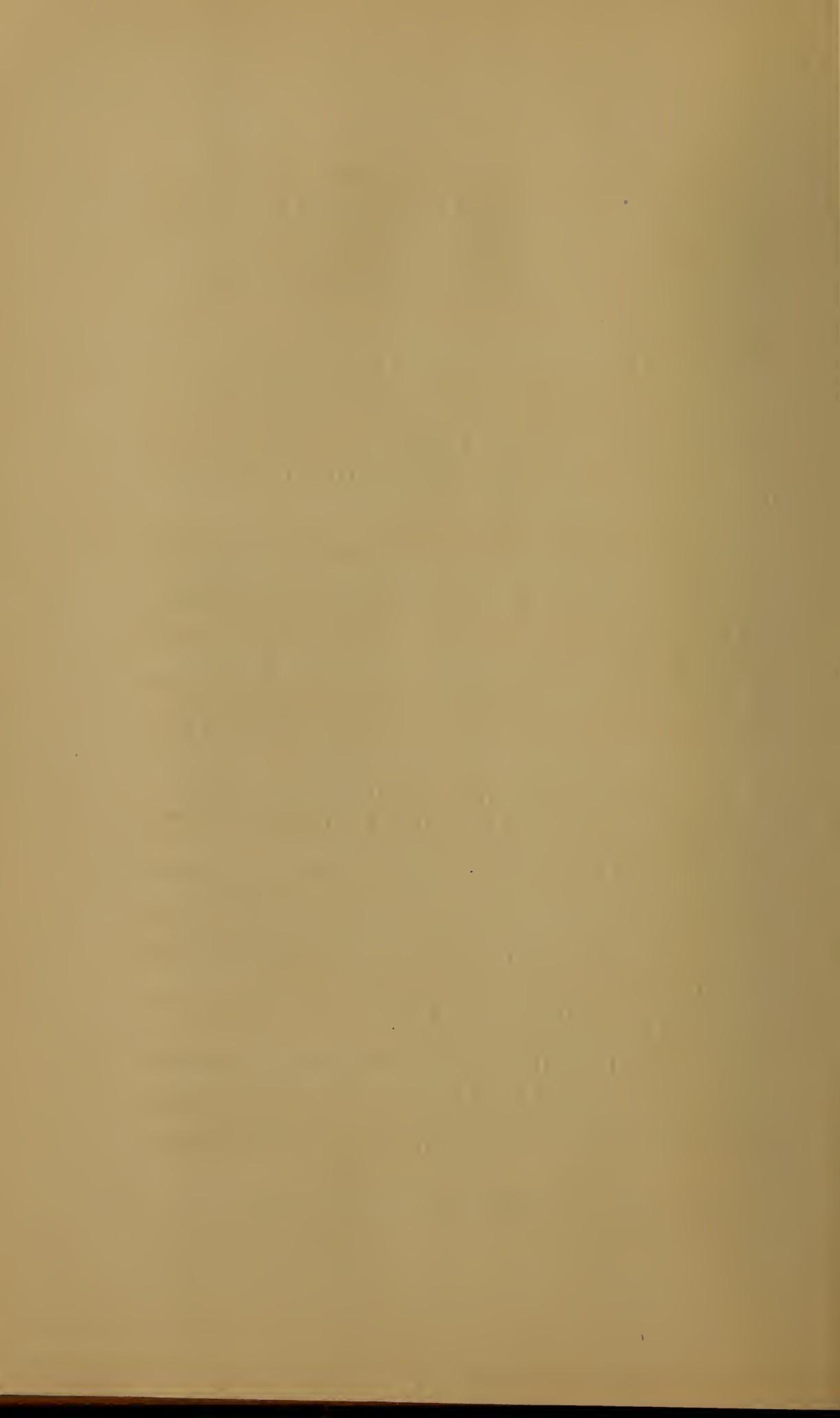
J. G. "Hush! We'll have no confessions here!"

Pro. D. "I was about er--to say-er-it reminded me of the classic description of Tullano's dance."

J. G. (disgustedly). "Why bunny had Tul lashed to the mast."

Waters. "Ha! Your majesty, beggin' once h'again of your pardin, h'it h'is a dream, h'a beautegous dream—h'am h'I bold to speak?"

A. S. "Proceed, my man; what is a dream? (aside) I'm sure he means me."



Waters. Everytink your majesty, h'everytink—h'it do remind me h'of the books h'I read when h'I was a lad—ow Jack Shepard ; h'amarried h'of a countess, saying to 'er cruel faver, back h'in 'oly h'idiot h'on' and your 'andsome h'offspring!"

J. G. "He's going to sing, I know he's going to sing!"

No. 2. "Dime novels!" (Waters and chorus who stroll on during chorus).

A. S. "Umm! Very good—I'd just like little Nick Carter to come out here for awhile to find the diamond, and to tell me what I'm to do with these people. I ordered 'em out of the tent ten minutes ago, and here they're all back again; (to chorus) turn around! Keep your backs to me in future; I must have privacy."

Chorus obeys. Enter Mrs. S., rear.

Waters (formally). "'Er Grace of Pompadore! 'er 'air done different!"

J. G. "Waters has a perfect passion for announcing people."

Mrs. S. courtesying before A. S. "Sire, I come to report on your father's condition."

A. S. "Father's condition? Well, tell him he's had two trials already, and after this it will cost him five dollars a shot."

Mrs. S. "He is still, sire, very low; but with faith I hope to cure him."

A. S. "Whose faith, another wife?"

Mrs. S. "His one sign of recovery is a penchant for peach jam. I am light-hearted from grief."

Pro. D. "Faithful Sponge! She changes not a hairs-breadth."

Mrs. S. "Sponge now; but soon, soon to be Sd—Mrs. Sd! What a joyful name. I will back to pray, to pray and send telegraph dispatches to John Dowie." [Exit.]

A. S. "Well, don't let him use any rough language over the telephone, or it'll be taken out."

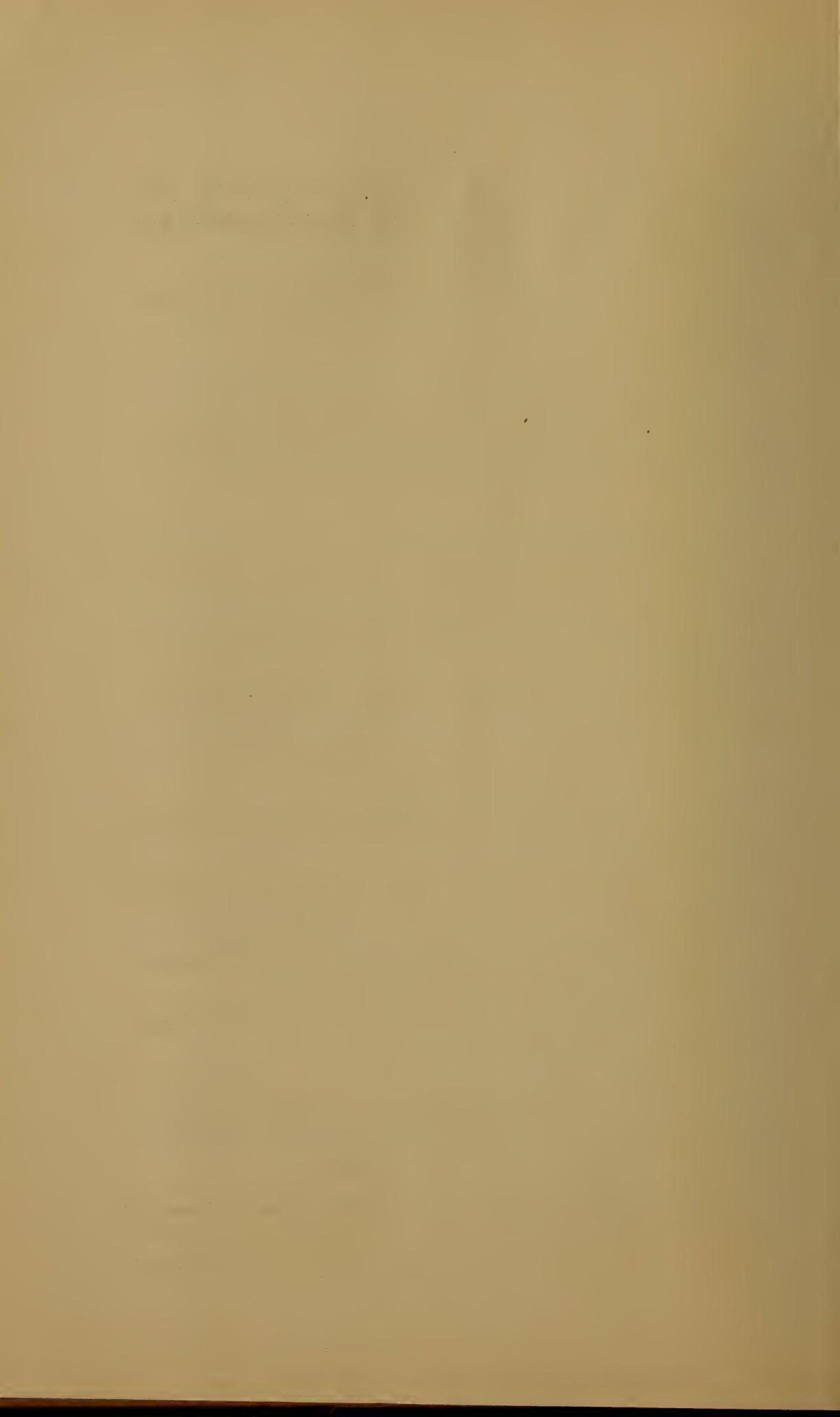
A. S. (arising). "Well, who's on for a game of ping-pong? Don't let's make it very rough."

Muley. "Sire, is this the way you assume the responsibilities of a kingdom? There is one thing absolutely imperative."

A. S. "And that's—?"

Muley. "To meet your wives."

A. S. "My, er-what?"



Muley. "Your wives by law; they are yours till your father recovers. Of course they are but supernumeraries; you can have but one Sultana, Lady Ithel."

A. S. (weakly). "And this is home!"

J. G. "Some are born to matrimony, and some have matrimony thrust upon 'em."

(Chorus women come forward in a row).

Muley. "This is Fat—ima."

J. G. (aside). "I should think she was!"

Muley. "This little Pearly Pink Eyes, and this Mame, the Brute—strong as an ox; very good for house-work-Mame; step forth—and this—

A. S. "Don't, don't! Is this an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem?"

Muley (showing large person). "And this, Jessie the Giantess; fifteen on her last birthday!"

Waters (aside). "H'o h'a prevarication!"

Muley. "Has but one fault, gastromoniac—mad on the subject of food. Caught her this morning eating three family photographs, half a dozen tennis balls, and the daily menu from the Court Journal."

(Jessie immediately swallows three ping-pong-balls).

A. S. "This is one too many!"

J. G. "One two many! Sixty-five too many! I should say."

Muley. "Then sire, your principal wives,—Lotus, Iris, and Mary McClam!"

A. S. "Principal, well if this is a matter of principal count me out!"

(Starts to go).

Muley. "Just one thing before you go, it is absolutely necessary you make a proclamation!"

A. S. "A proclamation! Well; just watch little Teddy Roosevelt get back at 'em!"

(Mounts divan).

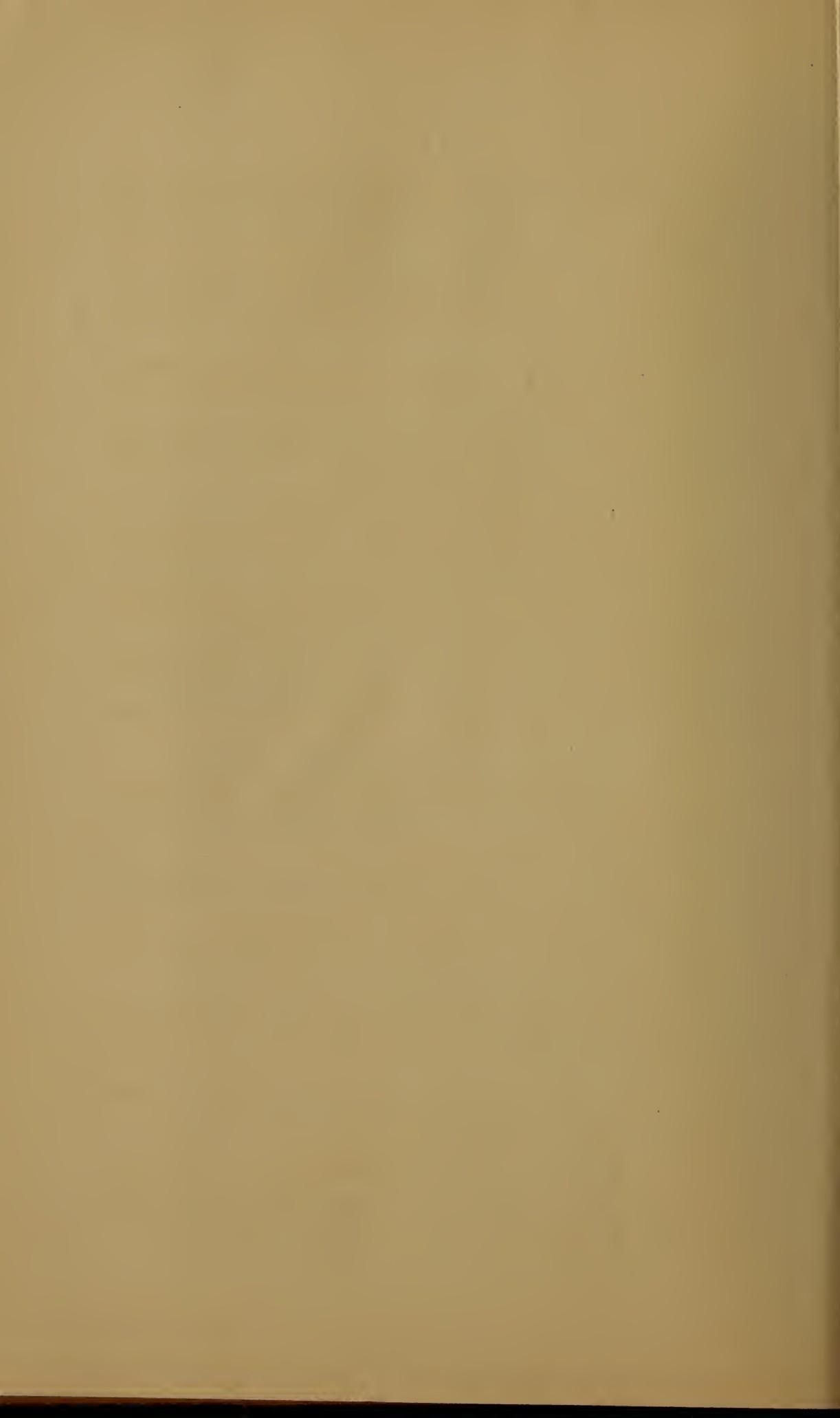
A. S. "To our loyal subjects this, Greetings — —"

Chorus. "Capital remark!"

A. S. "Shut up!"

Chorus. "Capital remark!"

A. S. "The next man that says that is going to have his false teeth taken away from him—!" "Greetings, to all it concerns O Yez! O Yez! O Yez! We, Awfuli Sad the 1st, are



going to change this kingdom from a jerk-water, badly run, soft coal milk-train, to a vestibuled flyer, with maids in the observation car! Stop! Look! and Listen! Sensible costumes are being made by the tailors, golf links are being put in order, home tee great grandfather's pyramid, and the first man I catch refusing a drink, will be locked up. This is the twentieth century!"

Chorus. (Angrily) "Break the laws of Mahemt, never!"

A. S. "What! Muley, take 'em outside and force claret lemonade down their throats!"

(Exeunt chorus, Muley, Pro. D. and Waters. A. S. falls back on divan and J. G. sits beside him).

A. S. "This ruling a kingdom is no joke!"

J. G. "Oh, I've seen worse ones! You'll have your hands full with Jessie, strong face she had!"

A. S. "Hump! A regular Camembert countenance! Wives! Wives! I feel like a Dakota divorce court! I'll pack 'em off,—pack 'em off, every one of 'em, and mary Doris!"

J. G. "Umm! She may feel some natural pride at being only the sixty-ninth, or is it the seventieth?"

A. S. "Oh, Doris, Doris, if you only knew how I loved you!"

J. G. "Wouldn't she titter!"

A. S. "I'll win her, willy, nilly, — there, that's father's nature speaking!"

(Tremendous crashing, right).

A. S. "Gracious! What's that?"

J. G. "I should say Jessie was eating breakfast, or saying her prayers, or something like that!"

(Enter Muley, rear, slides and slips around stage, and finally falls).

A. S. "Oh, do get up! My nerves are in no condition to have people doing that! What do you think you are, — a butter ball?"

Muley. "Sire, your father is just awakened and is asking for you, he's heard your proclamation!"

A. S. (Smiling feebly) "Ya-er-er-angry?"

Muley. "Angry! He's broken everything in the tent, now he's biting pieces out of his scimiter, and Mrs. Sponge is sitting on his chest to keep him quiet, and she's going up and down like a rubber ball!"

A. S. "Pop always was chesty!"

(Exeunt Muley and A. S.)

J. G. "So he's going to win Doris! I think not! He's getting dangerous though! Scratch a Russian! My, he makes me tired,—if he stayed here a little longer he would have put me to sleep!"

(Yawns, and curls up on divan, asleep).

(In the middle of monologue, Dr. H. has appeared at right wing, clad in stripes, with ball and chain—now enters).

Dr. H. "Ha, I haf eggscooped by an underjaw trick! I bitted der key hole — et vos lockjaw and eggciting for my teeth! (beckoning) quick! Der is nopody here bud der watchman und he is asleeb!"

(Enter Van T. He is constantly getting entangled with his chain, he is followed by Violet, who has on a pair of little striped pants).

Dr. H. "Ha! Dat prison vas a skinch!"

Van T. "I think we're barred from good society, and——that's all!"

3. "We're criminals"! (Dr. H., Van T. and Violet).

(J. G. breathes heavily).

Van T. "We are watched!"

Dr. H. "Vatched! Ett zounds mit me like an alarm-clock! Shall ve stole vorvarts, or shall ve stole backvorts?"

Van T. "I say, ye know, keep on stealing — — this way, old offenders!"

Dr. H. "I vould radder be a criminal any day dan a millionaire, ett was less dishonest!"

Van T. "Most of them both! All my friends are! Sailed on yacht last summer,—cook a poisoner, host habitual drunkard, hostess pick-pocket—played bridge—let's come on!"

Dr. H. "I can't, der ball on my foot hurts! I vill see if he sleebs! his breadt comes in pants—no ett has stobbed—ha, ett vas checked pants!"

Van T. "Aw, come.—Spike snag, the ticker, hit der bloke wit yer jimmy—I'll mind der swag!"

Dr. H. "My Gootness! Vhat a rude talker he is!"

Van T. "Quite the thing! Smart to do it! Copied after Duchess of Fiddleback, smartest peeress in England — features straight, language crooked, red nose, husband dead, lucky husband, and—that's all!"

Dr. H. "My, my, don't he sleeble nice—he vill haf nightmare mit all dat vatch undt chain on his stomach!"

Van T. "Hush! Someone comin—let's hide!"

Dr. H. (aside). "Ain't he egscitable! (loud) Vhere? Vhere? Ve haf awakened der door-knob. I heare ett turning in ett's sleeble!"

Van T. "Under rug! You will be a hassock!"

Dr. H. "A vhat?"

Van T. "A hassock!"

Dr. H. "I will nod—it zounds undecent!"

Van T. "Everything is that you don't care for, and—that's all."

(Van T. crosses over Dr. H.'s chain and becomes entangled).

Dr. H. "Led go me—my, I vill keek you int der corner off your moud!"

Van T. "Awfully savage."

Dr. H. "I vill be a ball-dog und bidt at you."

Van T. "You can't; you're chained."

Dr. H. (diving under rug). "Den I vill die und be a skye terrier."

(They are both under rugs at left, on hands and knees. Violet burrows also.)

Dr. (in muffled tones). "Twviddles!"

Van T. "Well?"

Dr. H. "I would radder be a stool-pigeon dan a hassock!"
(Silence).

Dr. H. "Twviddles?"

Van T. "Yes."

Dr. H. "Twviddles, led us preak, und by der kitchen vay I tink I heare roast beef boiling."

Van T. "Ah!"

Dr. H. "Und pumpernickel, und delicatessen, und liddle pickles."

(Violet, covered by rug, makes wild dash for L. wing, followed by Dr. H. and Van T. Gatacre starts up).

J. G. "I could have sworn somebody was here. (Feels for watch). Gone! I've been robbed!"

(Runs out R. Enter rear Doris, she in Turkish costume)

Dor. "Now I wonder what this place is? It's like a second-hand edition of the Arabian Nights, or a marked-down Turkish corner. I think everybody's been awfully pleasant to

me ; I haven't seen a soul since yesterday ; but that moon-sick Prince,—that little Navy boy hates me, I'm sure, and—and do you know, I think I'm getting to like him. Ah, but what's the use, when you can't afford luxuries ? I'm like the poor little paper-doll maid, with just enough money not to be able to do what I want."

4. Solo. "Poor Little Paper-Doll Maid!"

(As Doris exits R. she runs into J. G., entering with bent head).

J. G. (muttering). "You see, Watson, the hound—(seeing Doris). Ah, ha ! Found houndrel!"

Dor. "He's mad!"

J. G. "Oh, Miss Diddlebat—Doris—a thousand pardons—you see, I've lost—"

Dor. "Your mind ?

J. G. "No, my heart."

Dor. "Come, let me help you hunt for it."

J. G. "Now, see here, Dor!"

Dor. "I beg you not to call me Dor, Mr. Gatacre!"

J. G. "Well, window of my soul, then ; I know I'm only a poor Lieutenant of Marines, but don't you think its wrong to keep me out this way in the blizzard all the time?"

Dor. "Well, you're evidently hunting for a s-no."

J. G. "You jest when my heart is breaking."

(Enter R., cautiously, on hands and knees, Dr. H. and Van T. still under rugs—hear Doris and J. G. and become immovable).

Dor. (looking down at dress). "How do you like it?"

J. G. Like what?"

Dor. "This."

J. G. "Oh, very nice—what is it—an Aiken hunting costume?"

Dor. "Its becoming."

J. G. "I hope some more is—if that's all the costume) there isn't much to it, Doris."

Dor. "Thanks. But really—this calling me by my first name—"

J. G. "Oh, always do it—breaks the ice so nicely—particularly in Boston—ice up there dreadful, you know—called on one girl—called her Gwendy-Gwendoline Emerson—broke ice beautifully—in three minutes I knew everybody in the house—it took them all to throw me out."

Dor. (coldly). "I'm going, Mr. Gatacre."

J. G. "Don't, Doris; I'll be good."

Dor. (turning to go). "I won't stay to be—"

(Sees the two Hassocks standing in doorway).

Dor. "Why!—"

(Hassock moves—Doris gazes at it fixedly).

J. G. "Doris! What's the matter? Sick?"

Dor. (wearily). "I—I think the strain of the last two days has been too much for me—don't pay any attention to it."

(Starts to turn away. Hassock moves again).

Dor. (feeble). "I—I—"

J. G. "Yes—er-er-room does go round a bit, doesn't it?"

(Hassock begins to crawl towards her; Dor. retreats warily;

J. G. follows).

J. G. "I wonder if it's hereditary."

(Sees hassocks, begins to slowly pass his hand in front of face).

J. G. "Hush! It's alive!"

(Other hassock begins to move).

J. G. "Quick! Jump on the divans,—they'll be at it, too, in a minute. (Weakly), did you like that punch last night? I guess we're done."

(They sit down, hand in hand, on the floor).

J. G. (hoarse whisper). "If I see a pink katy-did after me in two seconds, don't try to dissuade me; its—its my pet superstition."

(Hassock approaches and springs).

Dor. (Flinging arms about J. G.) "Help! Jack, help!"

Dr. H. (disclosing). "Ha! it vas me und my liddle goke—dis is my liddle goke."

(As Van T. discloses himself).

J. G. (weakly). "Why, its only little Reddy Rippletongue, good as a temperance lecture."

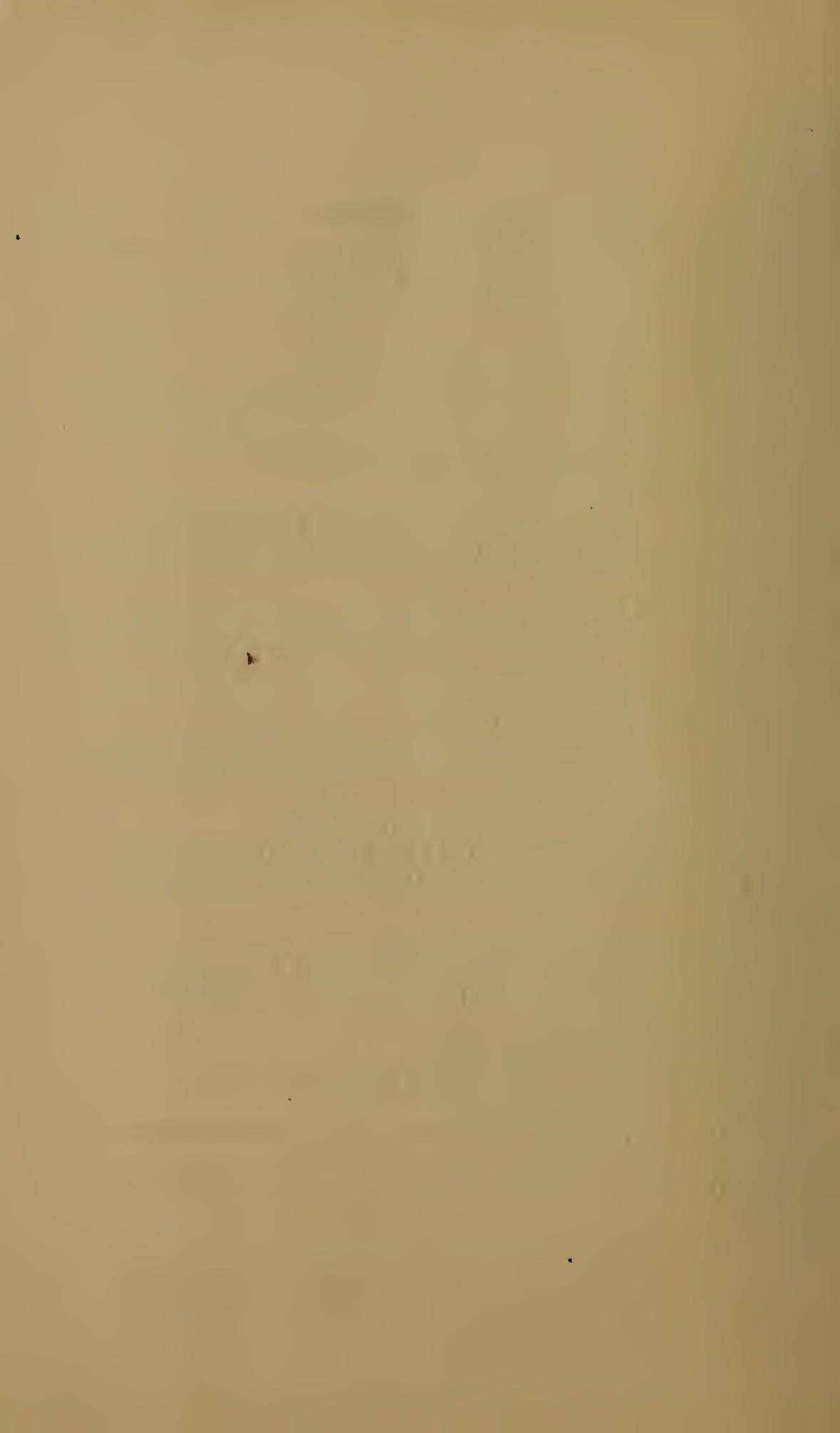
Dor. "What are you doing here, Professor Henglecooper? Is this dignified?"

Dr. H. "Ett vas nod—ett vas a jail-burd named Twiddicums."

Van T. "I'm escaped and—that's all."

J. G. "Well, you can't stay here—you'll be caught in a minute; why don't you give up the diamond, Twiddicums?"

Van T. "Haven't got it; wish I had; mind set on jewels; pretty setting; fancy."



Dr. H. "My, my ; he spends days und days making does up."

Dor. "Listen ! Quick, you must hide ! I hear the Prince's voice."

Dr. H. "I vill nod be a hassock. I vould radder die."

J. G. "Dye then, and be a chorus girl !"

Van T. "Doris—do anything for you—not rug again !"

Dor. "Hide ! Afterwards we will devise a plan for your escape!"

Dr. H. "Oh, vhat a sadt life vor an elderly chentlemon midt children !"

Van T. "Doris don't love me—awfully desperate—do something rash—mad—think I'll go and get a whiskey sour!"

(They dive under tent L. as A. S. enters rear).

A. S. "Ah, here you are ! You've made an addition to the crowd since I've been away !"

J. G. "Come right in ! Come right in, you don't intrude a bit !"

A. S. (Haughtily) "There is no place where I can intrude in Miasmia."

J. G. "Are you as unpopular as all that ?"

Dor. "If there's to be a fight won't you please wait till I get out."

A. S. "There will be no fight, Miss Dibblebat, but it were well for commoners to realize that where the hearts of royalty are involved even diamonds are at a discount!"

J. G. (Conversationally) "That was a good book wasn't it ?"

A. S. "Insolent ! I've been a friend of yours, but by my halidom, balk me now and you lose your think tank !"

J. G. "Come, Dorothea, the person has been drinking !"

Dor. "Wait ! I like the way he proposes,—its original, perhaps I'll marry him—men have been accepted for less than that !"

J. G. "Marry him ! Oh, well, I daresay you'll have to !"

Dor. "Have to !"

J. G. "Yes, you gathered he was going to force you to ?"

Dor. (Suddenly) "Oh, John, how I love you !"

(Exeunt R.)

A. S. "Ha ! he has scored once, but he never will again, it would take a Poe to do that ! I'll give her half a day to make her mind up and then with or against her will I'll marry her !"

(Enter, rear, Muley).

A. S. "That man's getting on my brain,—well?"

Muley. "Sire, the prisoners have escaped!"

A. S. "Which prisoners?"

Muley. "There have only been two in jail since I have been here, thirty years!"

A. S. "Well, have you notified the police?"

Muley. "I have,—they're making a tent to tent search—they found this in the jail." (Hands note to Awfuli).

A. S. "Hum! Drat this German dialect, he even writes it!" (reads) "Mine dear freindt und choice punch off royalty! Beware! Beware! Me und der vild violet camel und Twiddicums der Ripper, is loose und preying ont der town—pray for us—"ah, listen to this!"—if you is still inmigled mit der chort, dark-completed lady, mit der light hair, und tall figure vich has a name mit D., I vill help you vin it, condition you sign some babers, der lady in question vill metted up mit you at der royal peanut standt quarter after tree, mit der babers, she vill veer Turkish coffee und a pair of bunchy bantaloons—if you in agreement iss, leave ledder at der ink vell where der women draw vater! Yours, der Flying Dutchman!"

A. S. "Do you think there's anything in it?"

Muley. "I don't know sire, the prison is not over clean, but—."

A. S. "Ass, I mean is there any truth in it?"

Muley. "He may have influence with the lady."

A. S. "Well it's a chance—I'd rather win her by tenderness than force—let's see—three fifteen—we have a half an hour—leave a note at the well, and see if you can catch the German when he gets it!" (Exit Muley).

A. S. "Ah, at last a chance to show my true self,—no longer Awfuli Sad the tyrant—but Awfuli Sad the lover—a nightingale singing to his inamorata and I fancy it won't take much singing—all she needs one good, long look at me!"

(Exit L. Sound of singing without—enter, rear, Mullah, supported by the four blacks and fanned by Mrs. S. with a handkerchief, followed by warriors).

March the Mullah of Miasmia.

Mullah (To Mrs. S.) "Hear that? Every one of 'em would kill me if they could (feebly). Gr-r-r!"

(Chorus pays no heed).

Mullah. " See, can't grrr the way I did ! "

Mrs. S. " Surely they don't hate tootsie, as much as tootsie thinks they do ? "

Mullah. " You bet your life, they hate tootsie! Why do you know what's been the matter with him ? "

Mrs. S. " Apoplexy, and rage at his son ? "

Mullah. " Apoplexy! Pooh! Yesterday Mary McClam made fudge."

Mrs. S. " Well ? "

Mullah. " Hump! Isn't that enough ! "

Mrs. S. " Surely she had no evil intentions ? "

Mullah. " Mary McClam never makes fudge without evil intentions ! " (Roaring) " Where's the Prince ? (Aside) Something like my old form ! (Aloud) can't find him? Well the next one that sees him tell him this,—I at great risk have risen from my bed, Munyon told me not to ? "

Chorus. " What Munyon ? "

Mullah. " Yes, Munyon ! "

Chorus. " Then there is hope ! "

Mullah. I've risen to tell him I'll stand for the telephones and I'll stand for the electric lights, but I'm too old a horse to stand for the automobiles—it's a little bit too bad—that boy knows I'm a member of the Gentlemen's Roaddrivers Association of Southern Arabia!"

Mrs. S. " Tootsie will tire himself ! "

Mullah. " Tootsie won't. Where my wives ? Where my wives ? " (Leans towards slave, who whispers).

Mullah. (Puzzled) " I had sixty-five this time yesterday (whispers) joyfully, " Who killed 'em ? " (whispers) sadly not dead ? (Whispers, begins to chuckle) " Oh, ah,—ho—ho—well well, Oh dear—, Oh don't—don't—don't touch me—I—I—I'll die—I know I'll die !!! "

Mrs. S. " Die? No! No, Bennie ! "

Mullah. " Oh it's too good to keep—too good to keep—why—ha—ha—just reminded—don't—don't—Oh—the regent by law has all his predecessor's wives until the other wants 'em back and I never will ! "

Mrs. S. " Well ? "

Mullah (Explosively). " Awfuli's married to all his step-mothers for keeps—sixty-five, oh—come I've got to roll—or I'll die—I know I'll die—I—I'm just tickled to death ! "

(Exeunt all roaring with laughter).

(Enter L. Violet still in stripes, she peers anxiously about, then beckons with foot, enter in lock stepping high, Pro. D., Dr. H., Van T. and Waters).

Pro. D. "Hush!"

Dr. H. "Hush!"

All. "Hush! Hush! Hush!"

(They stand facing about).

All. "We are betrayed!"

Pro. D. "I hear a crowd!"

Dr. H. "No, it vas merely a door-jam!"

Pro. D. "To business then!"

Dr. H. "I haf a scheme!"

All. "And so have I!"

Dr. H. "My, my, ain't der poys like der steel trust!"

Pro. D. "Proceed!"

Dr. H. "Vell pay quick attention ind I vill be as slow as possible, help me und Twiddles to escape und Twiddles vill der diamont divide which he haf stole, und give you each a qvater (aside) off a dollar!" Heare iss Violet iss not! Vell ad six meeted me at der carpenter shop!"

Van T. "To have a board meeting, and—that's all!"

Dr. H. "No, mine dear friendt mit der ingrowing mindt, to egscope upon der back off Violet!"

Van T. "Four men—one camel—fancy!"

Dr. H. "Violet iss as strengthfulness as der pillewink vich iss der strongest ting iss, ain't you Violet?"

(Violet nods assent).

Pro. D. "Er—hem—rather a clever plan — should it succeed in two days we will be at the American Caravansary at Aden, with our feet on the gilded dispensory, masticating tooth-picks!"

Dr. H. "Ain't I der busy little planer, yes? Oh I'll pe bresident of Cuba py and py!"

5. Quartette. "He'll be president of Cuba by and by!"

Dr. H. "I haf annoder fire der iron in, vich I vill seddle mit Awsuli int twenty minutes, perhaps eggscopement vill nod be necessary, meeted me heare in two qvaters off an hour und I vill tell you how ett didn't, yes?"

Pro. D. "Er—whatever you devise I will consent to,—my share of the diamond will permit me to get up another expedition for the hunt!"

Dr. H. "Hunt! Hunt what?"

Prof. D. (Testily) "Oh, of course my lost reputation, that's what I'm always hunting!"

Dr. H. "Und vill nefer, nefer find!"

(Starts to exit L. with Violet. Prof. D., Van T. and W. start to exit R.)

Dr. H. (Peering around wing). "Int haf an hour—did you caughted it?"

All. "We did!"

(Exeunt).

Dr. H. "Vell den, I hope you caughted ett bad!"

(Exeunt).

(Enter rear, A. S. looking anxiously behind).

A. S. "Well, I think I've lost 'em — three times around that tent and then in here—now for a little quiet before I hold Court, and then see Doris, dear deluded Doris! Lovely alliteration! Well if this hasn't been a busy day! Now at last a little quiet, a little quiet —"

(Enter rear, Lotus, Iris, Mary and five other wives. A. S. starts to flee).

A. S. "Drat those step-wives! I can't lose 'em!"

Wives. "Here we are!"

A. S. "Really? (Aside) I wish I'd never left America,—this would be against the law there!"

Wives. "Isn't Awfuli, awfully glad to see Awfuli's little wives and why has Awfuli been so awfully cruel?"

A. S. "Go-on-go on-don't mind me!"

Wives. "Honored husband, and beloved step-son!"

A. S. "And this is only one of eight parties! They come at me in relays!"

Wives. "He doesn't love us!"

A. S. "You bet he don't!"

Wives. "He loves another!"

A. S. "You bet he does!"

Wives. "Let's lament!"

A. S. (aside). "They've been doing this all day!"

Octette. 6. "Five and Sixty Step-Wives!"

Wives (advancing upon A. S.). "At last!"

A. S. "Back! Back!"

(Wives seize Awfuli and bear him off struggling and crying.)

A. S. "I won't! I won't!"

(Exeunt rear).

(Enter R. Doris and J. G.)

J. G. "Well, I don't see any way out of it, except to shoot him. He says now the wedding will be in six hours!"

Dor. "Oh, there's many a slip twixt the house and the church, particularly when the fiance is icy! I've been thinking and have a plan, I'll disguise myself as Ithel and win him!"

J. G. "Win him,—what do you mean?"

Dor. "Oh, every woman knows how to, its hard to explain! Listen, I'll disguise myself, I'm about Ithel's height, and she always wears green,—get an interview with Awfuli as soon as I can, make him forget the real Doris and propose to the unreal Ithel!"

J. G. "Woman proposes, man supposes,—and then!—"

Dor. "That will delay him until the old Mullah is well and even if it doesn't it will give us some time to plan escape!"

J. G. "And Ithel, will she be for it?"

Dor. "For it? Why she's been talking to me all day in her broken English about some plan to win Awfuli back! But Jack, before I accept you finally, is there chance of ever getting married?"

J. G. "Oh, I'll be vulgarly rich when uncle dies, but until then in the words of the song I am 'Totally unprepared'!"

Duet 7. "Unprepared!"

(Exeunt L.)

(Enter rear A. S.)

A. S. "Off the scent again, this beats hare and hounds—well they can't catch me for a while anyway—court's due in a minute!" (Sits on a divan). "I wish Muley would hurry, I get awfully nervous nowadays when I'm alone!"

(Enter rear, Muley and warriors).

Muley. "Your Graciousness is prepared to hold court?"

A. S. "Quite! Ah, let me see—first, have the civilized clothes been made I ordered for the women?"

Muley. "They have, O Graciousness!"

A. S. "Cut that O Graciousness out, it sounds like Methodist profanity—get something new—!"

Muley (humbly). "They have, O Baron Cliveden of Tecklow!"

A. S. "Shades of William Waldorf Astor—that's new enough—where did you pick that up?"

Muley. "In a paper, sire, I think under 'Help Wanted'!"

A. S. "Very likely!"

Muley. "The women approach!"

A. S. "Let them approach, they went land on my long green!"

(Enter women ridiculously attired in European costumes—Jessie conspicuous with trousers on arm).

A. S. "For the love of—what is this?"

Muley. "The clothes you ordered them to wear!"

A. S. "I thought it was the Sorosis Club!"

Jessie. "Doesn't your Majesty like them?"

A. S. "No, your Majesty does not!"

Jessie. "Took me thirty minutes to put them on!"

A. S. "Well, it will take you less to take 'em off!"

Muley. "It was done without my knowledge, Your Majesty!"

A. S. "I hope it was, your old enough to know how to wear trousers, zounds, is this a joke?"

Muley. "Jessie a joke?"

A. S. "Hardly! that's true—be off the whole of you—if we find any other women wearing trousers on their arms we'll have 'em hung for inaugurating a dress reform!"

(Exit women).

Muley. "Will your Grace now read the mail?"

A. S. "Mail?"

Muley. "Letters from your subjects—they write asking for advice—your great grandfather inaugurated the custom!"

A. S. "My, my, grandpa was careless! Have to do this every morning?"

Muley. "Unless you do, they accumulate—the people are importing typewriters now!"

A. S. "Why don't you start a column in the Court Journal—Miasmatic Muley to Mincing Maidens!"

(Four blacks bring forward salver with bunches of letters—Muley sits down with pad and pencil, A. S. opens letters).

A. S. "What! I thought they were serious! Oh, this is wrong! (Reading) Dear Majesty:—For twenty years we have been keeping company, but lately a doctor has come between us and separated us, what shall we do? Yours,

The Siamese Twins."

A. S. "Umm ! now this is serious—twenty years—tut-tut, and not happy when they're separated! Muley, refer that to the insane ward ! (Picks up another note). Ah, pink paper ! A dear little pink paper note—I do so love pink paper—I'm sure its something nice ! (reading) Dear Majesty :—I'm a little girl only thirty-five years old, I don't like my last name and as I am going on the stage I must change it. Yours for keeps,

Maggie Monkey-face.

"Hump ! I don't wonder — answer — I'm sorry, but I'm not open to offers — I have my hands full now ! Ah, here is one,—'Dear Majesty, I have liver trouble,' — refer that to the organ company. (Opens letter, smiles, looks foolish and laughs). Well—what do you think—no you can't, Dottie, either, what do you think I am, Lietenant Hobson !'"

(Enter Mahomet.)

Mahomet. "Your Majesty, the lady Doris wishes to see you."

A. S. "The lady Doris ? I'll attend to these at another time—we would be alone." (Exeunt Cho.)

A. S. "Ah, Doris,—Doris, will you tell me now that you love me ; if you do I'll give that German anything he wants."

Muley. "If you love her, why don't you cut off that American's head ?"

A. S. "I hate bloodshed."

Muley. "You are weak. Deeds of your ancestors ! O graciousness !"

A. S. "I don't see any need of calling up scandal."

(Exit Muley, L).

(Enter rear, Dr. H., disguised in green dress as Doris ; comes down stage and lifts veil, disclosing face to audience and drops it again).

A. S. (aside.) At last ! At last ! (aloud). Ah, here you come awalking."

Dr. H. (in muffled tones). "How didt you eggscopt me to come—ont my face ?"

A. S. "What is the matter with your voice, love ? I cannot hear."

Dr. H. "I haf a coldt."

A. S. "Where, love ?"

Dr. H. "Eff he galls me lose again I vill keek heem midt my feet int der shinkles."

A. S. "How sweet to hear your dulcet tones again!"

Dr. H. "My, my, don't he do it nice!"

A. S. "Come closer, dear."

Dr. H. "You bet it vill be dear eff I come closer."

A. S. (Puts arm around him and they sway backwards and forwards).

Dr. H. "Steb!"

A. S. "What?"

Dr. H. "Steb ont my feet und vind oudt. My, my, how der veil tickles my beard; ett makes me laugh at der endt of my nose." (Puffs veils.)

A. S. "You ran here; you're breathing hard, Little Eager-ness.

Dr. H. "Vhat didt you gall me?"

A. S. "Little Eagerness."

Dr. H. "Vell, be careful."

A. S. "You're pettish, Light of Asia."

Dr. H. "Vhat for you gall me Light of Asia? Vhat you tink I am, der gas trust?"

A. S. "Lift your veil. Let me see your sparkling eyes."

(Dr. H. snaps eyes.) "Your pearly teeth—"

Dr. H. "Dey vas only plated."

A. S. "Your rounded chin—"

Dr. H. "I toldt dat barber to cut ett square."

A. S. "Ah, lift your veil."

Dr. H. "Ett vas sworn on, und eff you dake ett off der vill be vorse swearing still." sawing; led us change feet."

A. S. "Ah, you are still unkind, and yet how kind,—do you know for a while there I thought you loved that Gatacre?"

Dr. H. "Yes, ain't I der sweet liddle is it?"

A. S. "Is it! What's that?"

Dr. H. "Der opposite off ain't, und how should I know?"

A. S. "Are you sure you love me?"

Dr. H. "Oh, Villie, vrom der first time I efer seed you I vas villed like a balloon oud mid affection."

A. S. "Tell me something of your life, sweetheart."

Dr. H. "Off mine life? Oh, Villy, vhat a qvestion! You're too young; no, no—den hear de vorst. I vas born in Brooklyn."

A. S. (protesting). "No!"

Dr. H. "Yes; ve ver nod as rich as our cousins, der Gold-teethds, so mudder took in vashing and fader took in beer."

A. S. "Yes?"

Dr. H. "Bud der coal strike struck mudder hard; vhen der price of coal vhent up, mudder vhent down und oudt."

A. S. "But, dearest, I thought your father was a Professor."

Dr. H. "He vas until der detectives caught him. He made a great deal off money at it."

A. S. "But I interrupt your story; tell me more."

Dr. H. "Und den vhen mudder vas down und oudt, dey counted ten, und der decision vas gifen to fadder; und mudder, mudder, (pointing with finger and stepping forward)—gone! Gone! Gone! Gone!"

A. S. (seizing Dr. H.'s wrist). "Yes; where?"

Dr. H. (angrily). "My gracious! you would spoil any story. Mudder vhent—dat's all."

(After a pause) Dr. H. "Villy."

A. S. "Yes."

Dr. H. "Villy, haf you got dar stub off a pencil int your jeans?"

A. S. "Yes."

Dr. H. "Vell den excavated unt write vhat a toldt you."

(A. S. takes paper and pencil from pocket).

Dr. H. "Der Great Sad Diamondt iss to be gifen to der bearer provided dis paper ess not pinched from his back pants—vrite ett nice, Villy, ett is vor my dear friendt Professor Hengle-cooper—a losely man!"

(A. S. writes still swaying back and forth—gives it to Dr. H.)

A. S. "Satisfied now?"

(Sound of breaking again at right).

A. S. "Father, drat him!"

Dr. H. "Vather must be getting vell—yes?"

A. S. "I must leave you for a moment, dear, I'll look out and see what's the matter."

Dr. H. (Up stage). "I vill go vid you!"

D. H. (lookiug tenderly at A. S.) "Oh Villy life mit you vill be like an automobubble."

A. S. "Automobile, why dearest?"

Dr. H. "Oh ett vill be so killing."

(Exunt.)

(Enter L. J. G.)

J. G. "In five minutes Doris ought to be here, disguised,—then to fool Awfuli, and have her at last my own! You're a fortunate fellow, Gatacre, and this the luckiest land-cruise you ever took!"

(Rests one foot on divan).

8. Solo. "Love Song."

J. G. (Looks at watch again). "The time is up—I'll see if she is coming!"

(Exit L.—returns immediately talking earnestly to Doris and Ithel—enter R., same time,—Pro. D., Violet, and Waters, dragging along Van T., Dr. H. and A. S. rear,—they do not see each other, and bump in middle).

All. "We are betrayed!"

A. S. "My eyes deceive me—two Dorises! (to Van T.) Ha! Trapped, you jail-bird."

Waters (aside). "Wasn't h'I h'a saying h'as birds was h'awful!"

Dr. H. "Villy, you know vich is the real Doris."

A. S. "I will soon see!"

(Snatches veil from Dr. H.)

A. S. "Ha!"

Dr. H. (staggering back). "Deare Heafens, I was undid!"

A. S. "Guards! What, Ho, Guards!—a trick—off with all your heads, save you, Doris!" (Takes Ithel's hand)

Dr. H. "Vait a moment, vait a moment (aside)—I vill distracdt his mind (aloud). Villy, do you play peaknuckle?"

A. S. "Silence! Let me cry, What Ho!"

J. G. "Oh, Ho, Ho, to your heart's content—courage Dor—Ithel, I mean!"

Dr. H. (aside). "I vailed to distracdt him—Villy is strong minded!"

A. S. "Guards! What ho, guards!"

(Enter chorus).

Cho. "You called my Lord?"

Dr. H. "Sure, Villy called."

A. S. "Arrest these people—out to the square at once—off with their heads!"

(Guards rush forward and seize Van T., J. G., Doris, Pro. D., Waters, etc.)

(Crashing without, enter Mullah, rear—followed by Mrs. S.)

Mrs. S. "He would get up! He would get up! Oh, dear, dear, the shaking I have gotten—I feel like a cottage cheese!"
 (A. S. retires behind Muley.)

Mullah. "What! What! What's this I hear? Who's to be beheaded?"

Muley (indicating prisoners). "These, Your Majesty, the regent orders it!"

Mullah. "Regent! There is no regent, Abel is himself again. What is their offence?"

Muley. "No one knows, but justice is justice!"

Mullah. "Nay, that is too modern a decision,—release these people, my son, step forth! (A. S. appears, terrified). Take the Lady Ithel's hand, to-night you wed her!"

Dr. H. "Villy's papa iss strong-minded too — aint ett a strong family?"

(Enter Mahomet with dispatch.)

Mahomet. The first message over the telephone, Your Majesty!"

Mullah (reading). "Prut! Prut! What's this? 'We have learned that at present in your country is the notorious criminal Hans Henglecooper, alias Dutchy, the Second Story man, wanted in Aden for breaking into an egg and stealing a chicken. Please forward him to us!'"

Mullah. "So, — then you're the man who stole the diamond?"

Dr. H. "How de do zur, yes indeedy, I'm der great kleptomanscopement der moving burglar!"

Mullah. "Where is the diamond?"

Dr. H. "Der diamond? der paper in!"

(Hands paper to Mullah.)

Mullah. "Did you write this, Awfuli? Ah, it's just as well, that diamond after all is only counterfeit, the real one never leaves its safe!"

Dr. H. "Vhat? Oh, what's the use off vorking?"

Mullah. "Come here,—for your crime I'll send you back to Aden!"

Dr. H. (falling on knees). "Mercy! Mercy! ont a moderless widow!"

Mullah. "Very well, arise! Only for your crime I'll make you marry Mame the Brute! And now, Mrs. Sponge, my faithful nurse—at last I am in a position to ask you to be my little weenty, weenty, sixty-seventh wife—last but not least!"

Mrs. S. "Yes, Bennie! (looking upward)—for dear Alonzo doesn't mind!"

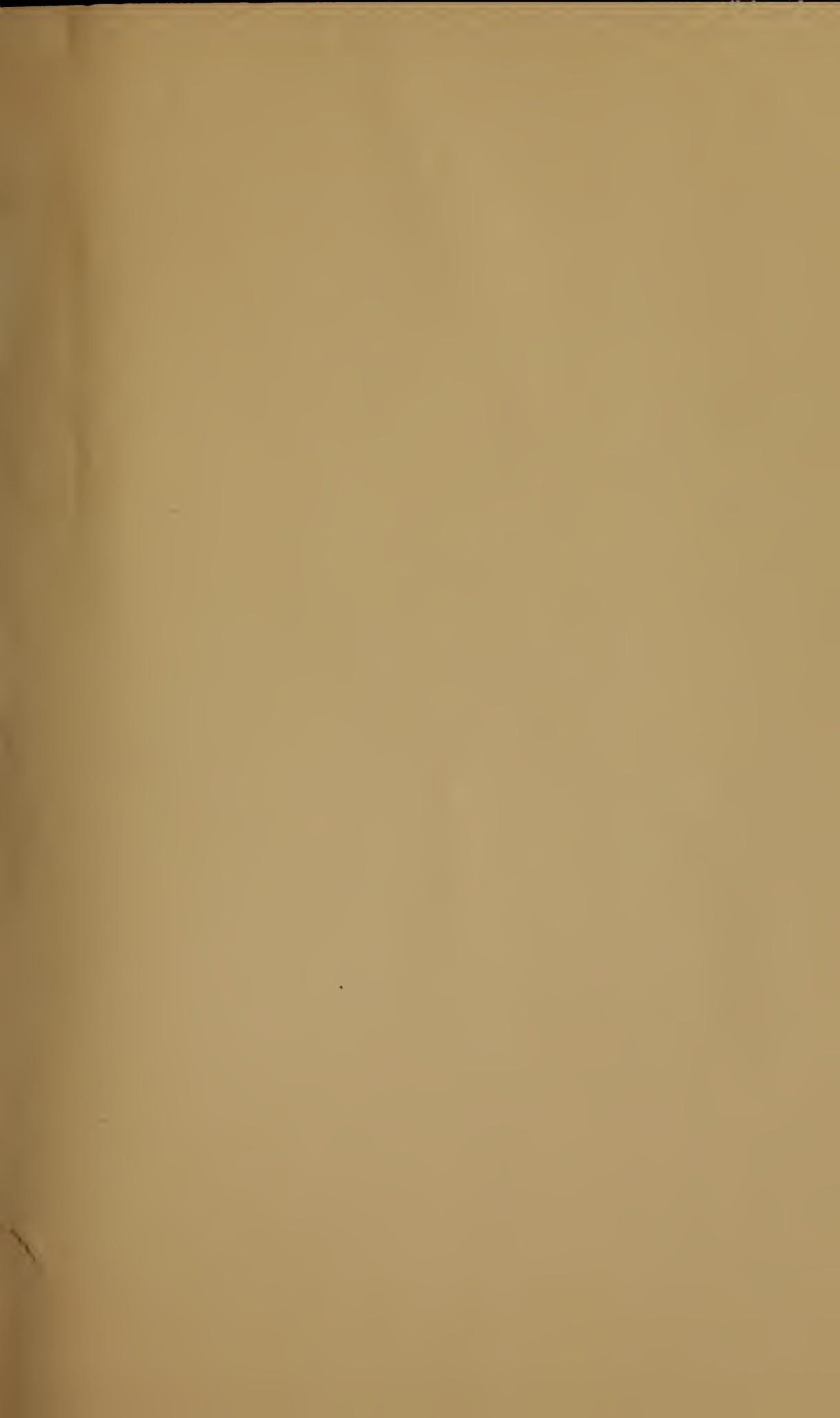
Mullah. "And now, tear down the telephones, take out the electric lights, and burn the automobiles! This country of Miasmia will change from Topsy Turvydom to the Sleepy land of drowsy-head, it was!" (To A. S. and Ithel). My children, bless you!"

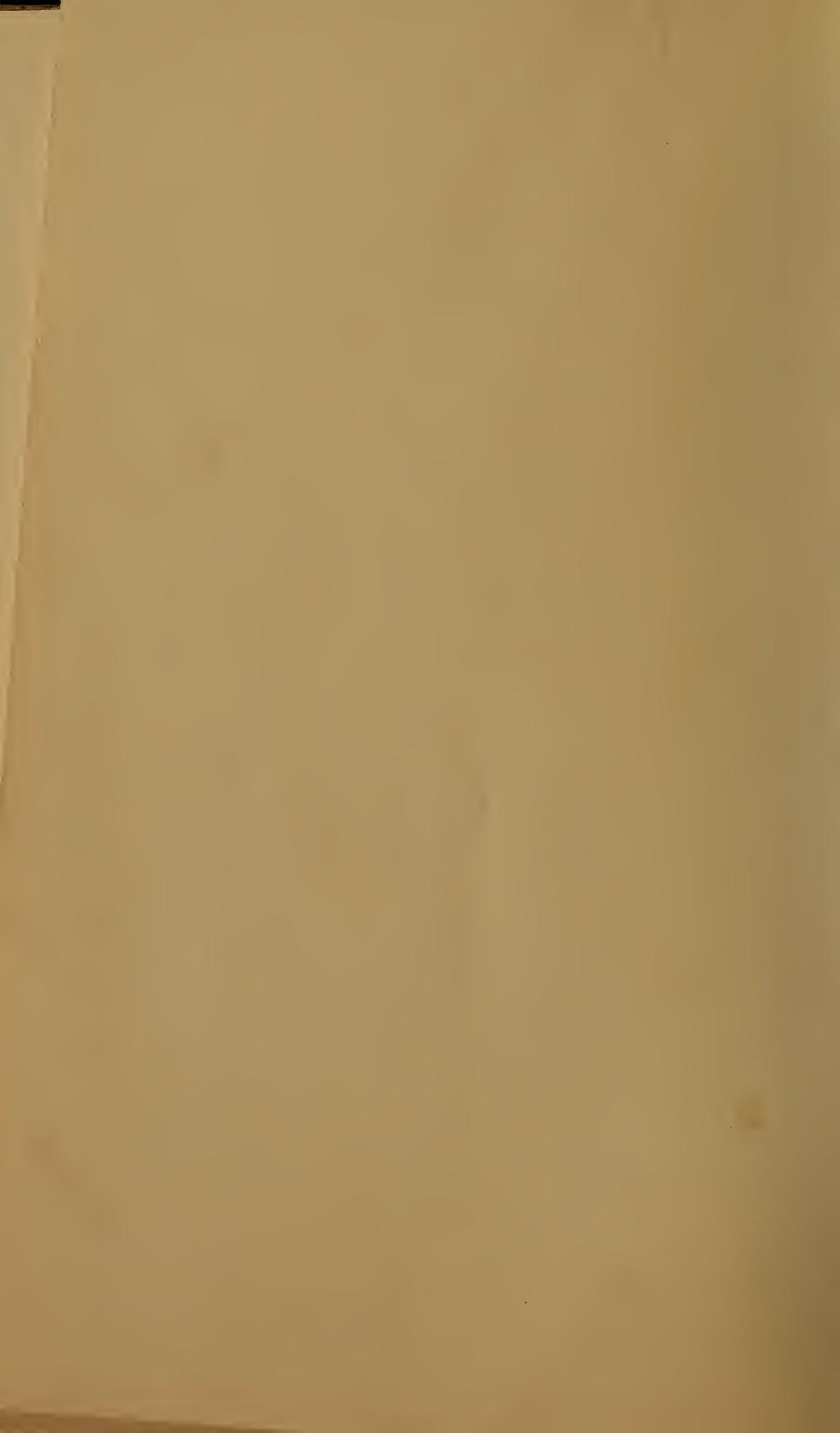
J. G. (stepping forward with Doris). "I guess we come under that head!"

Final Chorus.

Curtain.









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